

Hands-On Learning

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Kim Taehyung | V, Min Yoongi | Suga, Park Jimin (BTS), Kim Namjoon | Rap Monster, Kim Seokjin | Jin

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Hand Jobs, Exhibitionism, Dom Kim Taehyung | V, Sub Min Yoongi | Suga, except he doesn't really know it at first whoops, BDSM, there's a little bit of side minjoon, taehyung finds yoongi jerkin off in a public bathroom & an unlikely friendship sparks, ? - Freeform, Size Kink, Small Dick Min Yoongi, References to Depression, also just a bit of casual smoking, Cock Rings, Orgasm Delay/Denial, yoongi is a little baby sub and he doesn't know it yet but he gets to Learn

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Hands-On Learning

by [pornographicpenguin](#)

Summary

There's something so easy about calculating when exactly he's going to come, how to position his hands so he can just wash off in the sink, about spamming the image of his date's lips wrapped around his cock or what she might look like tugging her shirt off over her head or — or —

Yoongi comes into his own hand, his lower lip bitten in between his teeth.

"Wow."

It takes Yoongi a long second to realize that the word hadn't come from his own mouth.

Notes

hello this fic is sort of a walking disaster but my life is sort of a walking disaster at the moment and this was fun to write. :')

there's a bit of talk about being depressed and apathetic in this, just a heads-up :P

thanks to mara & lauren for beta-ing

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Chapter 1

Yoongi is hard.

Normally this wouldn't be too much of a problem — admittedly Yoongi hadn't had a major problem with unwanted boners ever since he went on antidepressants when he was fifteen. Yoongi had never had to deal with uncomfortable boners in the middle of class or in particularly stressful situations or uncomfortably soon after first kissing some girl, like to the point where it was sort of creepy rather than just expected, but —

But right now. Sitting in the middle of a restaurant. Yoongi's dick is fucking hard.

The girl sitting across from him raises an eyebrow. "Um," she says. Her elbow is propped up on the table. "You okay?"

Yoongi's dick is hard. If he flexed his hips up a little he could probably touch his fucking boner to the underside of the table. He's hard. What the fuck.

"Uh, yeah," he says. "I'm fine."

Why is Yoongi hard? Good question. He's not really sure himself.

Maybe it has something to do with the fact that Yoongi is on the first date he's been on in — years. Maybe it has something to do with how nervous he is, every inch of his skin buzzing and his toes stuttering against the floor and his fingers tapping against the table. Maybe it has something to do with the fact that the girl — and Yoongi can't even fucking remember her name because this is a blind date one of his roommates set up and literally all Yoongi can think about is how nice her tits look in her little v-cut shirt and — wow, that's gross, Yoongi's kind of gross —

He leans back in his chair for about two and a half seconds before promptly rocketing himself back forward. If he leans too far back she might see that he's hard, and that's just. Bad. Really, really bad.

"You look like you're sweating."

Yoongi doesn't remember her name. But he does manage to remember that she's twenty-six — a full three years older than him. His noona.

Which is — weird, and adds a whole other level of discomfort to Yoongi's internal fucking seven-layer cake of itching embarrassment.

"Yeah," he says. He grabs the salt shaker from the table and sets it directly in front of him. Yoongi swallows and quickly follows it up with the pepper.

She stares down at his hands. The salt and pepper shakers. Sitting in the middle of the table. And when she leans backwards her arms push her breasts together and Yoongi's cock fucking throbs in his jeans.

This is a terrible day.

"Why did you...do that."

Yoongi stares down at the shakers. "I, uh..." he says. "Like salt?"

Very slowly, the girl nods. Her eyebrows climb a few inches up her forehead. Her eyeliner is winged and her eyeshadow is some shade of burgundy with sparkles that catches in the light. "Fascinating," she says.

It's sarcastic.

Yoongi doesn't really blame her.

He pushes himself away from the table, yanking the edge of his shirt down over his boner. He's not sure if it's noticeable or not, but — it's not like he has any other sort of option at this point. "I'm going to the bathroom," he says.

She stares at her phone and nods.

Yoongi scuttles off in the direction of the bathroom.

—

This is a bad date.

This is a bad, bad, bad date.

Yoongi finds this fact completely and totally undeniable, considering that he's currently got his hand wrapped around his hot little cock in the men's bathroom of some shitty burger place. There's sweat pouring down the back of his neck because he hadn't even bothered to take off his leather jacket. The backs of his knees are drenched and his fingers are slick with precome and he can't help but groan in the back of his

throat when he thinks about the soft curves of her breasts and the bored, dismissive look in her eyes, and —

Wow. That's fucking weird. Yoongi is fucking weird.

And at least a little gross.

But that doesn't keep him from squeezing his cock, jerking his hand forward — it doesn't take much movement for the head to disappear in between his fingers, doesn't take much at all and it feels so fucking good, so fucking simple and uncomplicated because about three minutes before that Yoongi literally felt like he was going to pass the fuck out just because of how complicated and ugly the whole boner-plus-uninterested-date situation is. And it's probably some sort of stupid but there's something so simple about what he's doing right now — jerking off in the bathroom, slamming his eyes shut and tugging on his short little cock until he can feel an orgasm rising up in him like a wave. There's something so easy about calculating when exactly he's going to come, how to position his hands so he can just wash off in the sink, about spamming the image of his date's lips wrapped around his cock or what she might look like tugging her shirt off over her head or — or —

Yoongi comes into his own hand, his lower lip bitten in between his teeth.

God, he's so fucking gross, it's —

"Wow."

It takes Yoongi a long second to realize that the word hadn't come from his own mouth.

Yoongi glances towards the door, soft cock still in his hand. There's a man standing there dressed in sweatpants and a sweatshirt. His fingers are clasped around the edge of the door. He stares at Yoongi's dick.

"Uh," he says. His skin is dark, but even from a few feet away Yoongi can make out the blush as it spreads across his cheeks. "You forgot to lock the door."

He's still staring at Yoongi's dick. Or, what little bits of it he sees through Yoongi's fingers. Yoongi supposes it's better than making eye contact.

Slowly, Yoongi tucks himself back inside his underwear. He doesn't

bother to zip his pants back up, hobbling over towards the sink to wash off his hands. "Thanks," he says. "For the information."

Icy cold water runs over his hands. Yoongi has the pleasure of being able to watch his own nut catch in the drain before eventually disappearing down into the pipes of the shitty burger joint. Internally, he sighs. Today is just — a disaster.

"Is there any particular reason you're still standing there?" Yoongi asks.

He rubs his hands dry on his own shirt, pushing aside the flaps of his jacket. There's sweat clinging to the back of his knees, the small of his back — and to his scalp, most likely, considering that it won't fucking lay flat no matter how violently he runs his fingers through it.

He's been having a bit of a rough time recently.

"Uh," the man says. His voice is low, but shaky. Yoongi feels the overwhelming desire to frown at him and narrowly, narrowly restrains himself. "Gotta pee?"

Yoongi turns to stare at him, blinking. "Oh," he says. "Right."

—

Yoongi is a loser.

He was already well-aware of this fact — no amount of leather jackets or crushing his pills up in glasses of water or wearing his most expensive (but not most useful) set of headphones around his neck whenever he carries his groceries back to his apartment on the bus can really hide that.

But when he walks out of the bathroom to find his date mysteriously missing, well — it smacks him in the face a bit like a cold, dead fish.

Yoongi breathes from his nose in one long sigh and collapses down into his chair.

This is pathetic.

Yoongi's life, on the whole, is a little pathetic.

He doesn't know exactly how long it is he sits there staring at the empty seat, the half-empty glass of water, the chair left slightly ajar. Some part of him holds onto the idea that maybe she's in the

bathroom, just like he was, and she'll come back in just a few minutes with a smile and a polite inquiry about his life.

But Yoongi knows that's rather unrealistic. He was gone for, like, ten minutes. And she probably saw his boner. And now she thinks he's weird or creepy (probably some combination of both) and she's going to tell all her friends about the strange guy in the leather jacket who left in the middle of their date to jerk off or take a dump or whatever, and —

"Yo."

The chair across from Yoongi scrapes loudly against the floor as a man plops down into it. His eyes go comically wide when he scoots back a few inches and the people at the neighboring tables turn to stare at the two of them. His cheeks flush red again.

Yoongi raises his eyebrows. "Hello."

He probably should feel some kind of awkward about the fact that this dude had seen Yoongi's dick no less than five minutes ago — and in a completely and totally inappropriate setting, to boot — but most of Yoongi just doesn't particularly care.

He considers, briefly, that it might just be the depression. He'd been having a rough couple of days.

The guy leans in closer, dragging the chair in with him in an awkward maneuver. "Got ditched, huh?" he asks.

Yoongi presses his lips together. Something deep in his heart squeezes and thuds. It probably isn't as strong of a feeling as he would be experiencing normally, but —

"Yeah," he says. "Looks like it."

The man leans back. "That's rough."

Silence hangs for a few, long moments. The man crosses his arms and stares down at the salt and pepper shakers still sitting in the middle of the table alongside the scraps of straw wrapper Yoongi had torn up out of stress.

"It...might be because you were, you know." The guy reaches forward and runs his fingers through the little straw pieces. They stick to his fingers, slightly damp from the condensation of the drinks. His voice

lowers as he continues speaking. "Jerking off in the bathroom."

The man smiles. It's not quite out of humor, Yoongi doesn't think — he looks more embarrassed than anything else.

Yoongi runs his tongue over his lips. He leans in close as well, so their conversation should be almost completely lost in the din of the restaurant. There's maybe something a little inappropriate about it — the way their foreheads almost touch, the way Yoongi can hear the man's breathing more clearly than anything else in the entire restaurant. But, again — Yoongi very firmly doesn't care. Today is a terrible fucking day. He can do whatever the fuck he wants.

"I think," he says. "It was probably cause she saw I had a boner at the table."

The man's whole face flushes red.

A few more moments pass in silence. The man stares at him. Yoongi stares back. The lighting is low, but he can still pick out all the moles on the man's face — one under his eye, on the tip of his nose, on his cheek. Yoongi feels like the longer he looks, the more pop out at him.

"I dunno," the man says after a long stretch of silence. Distantly, from the kitchen, Yoongi picks out the sound of something crashing and breaking in the kitchen. He doesn't look away. "Your dick is pretty small."

Yoongi bristles.

"Not like it's, like — " the man stutters. "A bad thing. Or anything. Just a thing."

Yoongi leans back in his chair, crossing his arms.

"I couldn't help but notice," the guy says. As Yoongi leans away, he leans in more closely. His chest brushes the very edge of one of the plastic glasses, the damp lip wetting his shirt in a thin, crescent line. "It's cute. You know."

Yoongi presses his lips together. "Okay."

The man leans back, rubbing at his neck. "Sorry," he says. The way he smiles is awkward, blocky. It's just a little sweet. "This is pretty weird."

Yoongi leans forward, picking up his glass and taking a long sip of water. "No shit," he says.

"You don't seem super...upset, though."

"Nah," Yoongi says. He takes another long sip of water. "That's depression for you."

Usually when he says things like that, people blink awkwardly, cough, change the subject. Assume it's just a hyperbole. Or give him some dumbass speech about how it's all in his head.

This guy doesn't do any of that. He just stares at Yoongi, blinking. It doesn't seem like he quite knows what to say, but at the very least he doesn't act like a dumbass. Which Yoongi can appreciate.

"I'm sorry," he says.

"It's okay." Yoongi raps his knuckles on the table. He's doing a lot better now than he was when he was a teenager. Today is just — a bad day. "I also figure you just have some weird sort of fetish or something, so — that's fine."

The guy laughs. "I don't!"

His smile is wide. A little rectangular. He looks embarrassed.

"Small dick fetish," Yoongi says. He probably shouldn't be speaking so loud in a public restaurant, but — whatever. Life is short. Today Yoongi jerked off in a public bathroom. His capacity for caring is at an epic low at the moment. "It's cool. Whatever."

The guy covers his face with one large, fat palm. Yoongi wonders what it might look like, wrapped around the short, slender length of Yoongi's cock.

"Shut up," the man mutters. Yoongi can hear the sweet little smile in his voice.

Quietly, in the back of his mind, Yoongi files away the fact this stranger just has a weird fetish.

"Do you, uh..." The guy starts. He stares down at the table, scratching the back of his neck. "Do you wanna come sit with me? I'm here with friends."

Yoongi thumps his hands against the table. "You don't even know my

name," he says.

"Ah," the man says. He holds his hand out awkwardly across the table.
"Kim Taehyung."

His hand hangs in the air for a few long seconds before Yoongi gets around to answering. He wonders, somewhere in the back of his mind, what exactly he's doing. What the fuck he's expecting to get out of this situation.

And then he promptly decides that he doesn't fucking care. Life is unpredictable in a lot of cases. Yoongi might as well get a good story out of it.

"Min Yoongi," he says, reaching forward to take Taehyung's hand.
"Nice to meet you. Again."

"Yeah," Taehyung says. "Same to you...hyung?"

"I'm ninety-three," he says.

"Hyung," Taehyung says. He leans back in his chair, crossing his arms. Some part of his expression seems smug, but Yoongi can't quite place it. "I'm ninety-five."

Yoongi finds that fairly obvious. Taehyung looks like a bit of a baby — his cheeks are round, his face completely devoid of laugh lines despite how much he obviously spends smiling.

"I'll sit with you," Yoongi says, standing up. He glances around, looking for the waitress who had given him and his failed date their water. "You're not gonna get to see my dick again today, though."

Taehyung stands. His shoulders are curved down as if he's being crushed under the weight of his own embarrassment. "Of course not, hyung."

Yoongi squares his shoulders and grins.

—

"This, is, uh," Taehyung indicates the taller, broader man with the bright pink hair. "Namjoon-hyung." He points to the smaller man to Namjoon's left. "And that's Jiminie."

Yoongi nods. "Nice to meet you," he says.

Jimin blinks.

Taehyung sets his hands down on the table. The four of them are sitting at a booth in the corner of the restaurant, Yoongi squished between the wall and Taehyung's broad shoulders.

"Where..." Jimin starts, pointing at Yoongi, "...did you...?"

"He found me jerking off in the bathroom." Yoongi takes a casual sip of water from the cup he'd brought over from his own table, now sitting abandoned across the room, and maintains eye contact with Jimin. "He thought it was sad enough that he invited me over here."

Taehyung makes a noise a little like he's choking.

Jimin, however, seems unfazed. He turns his gaze to Taehyung, his expression steady, if not a little disappointed. "Taehyungie," he says, "again?"

Yoongi blinks.

There's a thump! that sounds a lot like someone getting kicked under the table. Jimin hisses. Namjoon rests his head in one hand.

Briefly, Yoongi spends a moment wondering how the actual fuck his statement had not just been taken seriously, but as an awkward eventuality between Taehyung and his friends.

He wonders what sort of strange, strange people he's managed to come across. But then Yoongi just — takes a deep breath in and decides not to worry. It's not like whatever these people think of him is going to matter past this one meal. It's not like Yoongi is ever going to see them again.

"It's, um, very nice to meet you." Namjoon inclines his head from across the table. He looks somewhat wary.

"Uh," Yoongi says. His brain hangs in stasis for a too-long beat. What the fuck is Yoongi's life. "You too."

Silence hangs over the table for a long, long moment.

"So, um," Taehyung says. "What we were talking about before I left —"

Jimin stares openly at Yoongi, his tongue darting out across his lips. "My history class," he says.

"Right," Taehyung says.

From across the table, Namjoon slides Yoongi a menu. "And my, uh, Professor — he keeps..."

Yoongi tunes out the conversation after that. Instead, he hides his face behind the flaps of the menu, and — oh fuck his cheeks are red. He's blushing. He's obviously blushing, and Taehyung —

Sets his hand on Yoongi's thigh.

What the actual fuck is his life?

He listens as Namjoon and Jimin make casual conversation, which Taehyung occasionally participates in. Every once in a while Namjoon will butt in with some question about Yoongi's life — what's he do for work (deliveries, mostly) and does he go to college (part time, for music) and whether he likes this or that menu item (sure, for the most part). Jimin just continues silently staring at him from across the table. It's incredibly awkward.

Taehyung, however, doesn't seem to care about any of this. Some part of Yoongi wonders if he simply doesn't notice, or if he's just — somehow used to this strange sort of situation.

It's only when Namjoon and Jimin have struck up conversation with each other — Yoongi thinks they might be dating based on a few offhanded comments, but he's not really sure and he doesn't want to accidentally assume some random strangers are gay because Yoongi's definitely already embarrassed himself enough for one day — that Taehyung finally turns and speaks to him.

"How're you doing?"

His hand is a heavy weight on Yoongi's thigh. His palm is wide and warm, his fingers wrapping around more than half of Yoongi's leg. It's...impressive. In an odd way.

"Fine," Yoongi answers. He realizes a little belatedly that he had been staring down at Taehyung's hand. Oh fuck. Fuck. That's weird, isn't it? Yoongi's being weird again, and just because he hasn't had sex in fucking — god, how long has it been? — that's no excuse for how fucking *weird* he's being —

Taehyung grins. His smile is so goofy and endearing that Yoongi almost finds it suspicious.

(He supposes that if he's being weird, at least Taehyung must be pretty weird himself.)

"Good," Taehyung says. He leans back in the seat, twisting so his shoulder digs into the upholstery and he can face Yoongi directly. Something about the quirk of his eyebrow seems smug.

"Yeah," Yoongi says. He holds the menu up even further, doing his very best to avoid having to look either Jimin or Namjoon in the eyes. "Better than sad jerkoffs at home."

That. That was a weird thing to say. Even if it is the truth. Why is Yoongi like this.

Taehyung raises his eyebrows. He doesn't seem particularly phased. "So soon?"

And Yoongi — today feels a bit like a weird fever dream or some strange as fuck story he might read on 4chan — but maybe he should just follow in Taehyung's weirdly unembarrassed footsteps and roll with it.

"Well, yeah," he says. "Bad dates, you know?"

It's not really funny, but Taehyung laughs. His fingers tighten around Yoongi's thigh, and something deep inside Yoongi's gut kicks.

"Sure," Taehyung says.

Yoongi drops the menu onto the table, pressing his lips together. He does so just in time to catch Jimin mouthing the words 'this is gross' to Namjoon.

Taehyung giggles. "Do you have something to say?"

Jimin smiles tightly. "No," he says, lacing his fingers together over the table. "Nothing at all."

Silence hangs for a long few moments. Yoongi taps his stubby fingernails against the surface of the table.

"Taehyung," Namjoon says. He props his chin up on one elbow. "You really need to stop picking up random guys in the bathroom."

Yoongi sets his elbows on the table. He turns to Taehyung. "So you really have done this before, huh?"

And there's something about acknowledging the awkwardness of the situation that makes it just a little less awkward. Jimin snickers, and Yoongi finds himself cracking a smile.

"All the time," Jimin snickers. And when Yoongi takes a moment to breathe and actually pay attention, Jimin's smile is sweet. His cheeks bunch up and his eyes curve into little half-moons. "One time we were at a wedding and he came back with twins."

Jimin's palms go flat against the surface of the table. Taehyung giggles, one hand coming up to cover his mouth.

"Impressive," Yoongi says. He lays the tip of his pointer finger against the table. "But the real question is — did the fuck them?"

Jimin's eyes widen for a split second — as if he hadn't expected for Yoongi to jump on so quickly — before his whole face splits into a smile. "I dunno," he says, before turning expectantly to Taehyung.

"I did," Taehyung says.

He smiles impossibly wide, his lips going thin and his eyes squeezing shut. It's cute.

"Nah," Namjoon says. "No way. You're lying."

"I'm not!" Taehyung says. He doesn't stop smiling.

"No," Yoongi says, pointing across the table at Namjoon. "He's right. I've known you for, like, ten minutes. And even I can tell you're lying."

"No," Taehyung says. Their waitress passes by, bending across the table to top off their glasses. For a split second she looks surprised at Yoongi's appearance at the table, but not perturbed enough for it to trip her up. "I would never."

"Are y'all about ready to order?"

Namjoon turns to her and very politely requests a few more moments just as Jimin kicks Taehyung under the table and spits, "You would."

—

Taehyung's hand continues to rest on Yoongi's thigh for the rest of the meal. Which, Yoongi will admit, he doesn't particularly mind. Neither of their other two dinner companions seem to be especially surprised by this despite the fact that the table is low and the placement of

Taehyung's hand is overwhelmingly obvious, especially when Taehyung reaches across the table with his opposite hand to grab a straw. Which he then promptly uses to rocket the paper wrapper at Namjoon's face.

Namjoon balls it up and throws it back.

And Yoongi's okay with that.

The hand on his thigh, that is. He figures he's just being flirted with. In a weirdly aggressive, sort of surreal way, but — flirted with.

Which is no problem. Taehyung is cute. The day has taken a truly, truly bizarre sort of turn, but — Taehyung is cute. His jawline is sharp and his eyes are pretty and his smile is sweet. Weird fetishes aside. And it's not like Yoongi wasn't planning on flirting and a meal anyways, so he figures that this is, at worst, an unexpected change of plans. Maybe an unexpected change of genders, but again — Yoongi doesn't particularly mind.

The only point during the evening where Yoongi truly starts to mind is when Taehyung's hand starts to move.

Jimin and Namjoon are trying to tell him some story — something about fruit flies and one of their roommates. To their credit, it does actually sound pretty funny. But just as Namjoon reaches the most important part of the story — Taehyung's hand climbs up Yoongi's thigh.

Yoongi's breath catches in his throat. He probably makes a weird face as well, judging by the way that Jimin scrunches his nose and sighs.

Taehyung's voice drifts over from Yoongi's right, completely and totally at ease. Like he's done this about ten thousand times before. "You okay?" he asks.

Yoongi feels his whole throat close up as Taehyung's big, thick fingers squeeze around Yoongi's thigh — and *fuck* his fingers go so far around Yoongi's skinny little thigh, his palms so wide and his grip so strong —

"Yeah," Yoongi says. He props his chin up against the meaty part of his hand and turns to Taehyung. He looks smug, something childishly mischievous sparkling in his eyes. "Fine."

Taehyung hums.

Jimin sighs.

"Watch yourself, Tae-ah," Jimin says. His voice sounds slightly tired, if not amused. Yoongi has no doubt that he knows exactly what Taehyung is doing, and that — makes his stomach flip with embarrassment.

"Sorry," Taehyung says. For a moment, Yoongi isn't sure exactly which of them he's apologizing to.

What happens next puzzles Yoongi.

It seems almost like a haphazard ritual. Namjoon and Jimin both avert their gazes, carefully staring off into the distance. Taehyung leans in so close his forehead nearly touches the frayed edges of Yoongi's little puff of bleached hair, and then he speaks, soft and deep — "It's okay if you want me to stop. Just say so."

Yoongi stares down at the edge of the table. His heart kicks against the inside of his ribcage, his guts twisting and kicking. Taehyung sounds — weird. Intimate. It's certainly not a tone that strangers should take with each other, not a tone that even good friends should use with each other. It's heavy, weighty, his chest probably rumbling slightly with how low his pitch dips, and Yoongi —

"Look at me."

Yoongi turns his gaze upwards without a second thought. He realizes, rather belatedly, that he had been sitting with his hands pressed in between his knees and his shoulders hunched. Like an embarrassed child. His cheeks burn.

Taehyung slides his fingers under Yoongi's chin. "You understand?"

It's so intimate. So careful.

Yoongi feels something that might be discomfort or just *embarrassment*, but he doesn't know quite how to place it given that most of his attention is taken up by contemplating how fucking *beautiful* Taehyung's eyes are, how gorgeous his voice sounds even when he occasionally trips over his words and stutters, how Yoongi's whole body seems to light up whenever Taehyung stares at him with those focused, sure eyes —

"Yes," Yoongi says.

Taehyung squeezes his thigh. Namjoon scoffs from deep in his throat.

"Good," Taehyung says.

And then his voice is back to normal. Bright, happy. He squeezes Yoongi so tight it feels like he's trying to squish the life out of Yoongi's leg. It's possessive. Saliva gathers under Yoongi's tongue.

Jimin and Namjoon turn back to the two of them. Acting like all of this is completely and totally normal.

Yoongi wonders if they're part of some kind of cult.

That would make sense. At least, it makes more sense than anything else he can come up with off the top of his head.

"The weather's been nice, recently, huh?"

Jimin asks Yoongi. It's a general question, but he stares directly at Yoongi. Taehyung's hand is so high on his thigh, his fingers brushing gently against the seam running along the inside of his thigh, touch so light that Yoongi can barely feel it when the tips of his fingers nudge up against Yoongi's balls through the fabric —

Yoongi sucks in a sharp breath. "Yeah! Fuckin'..." he trails off for a moment, catching a glimpse of Taehyung's smug, smug smile in the corner of his eye. "Great."

Jimin grins. He laces his fingers together and braces them over one knee.

Yoongi pauses. It's been storming on and off for a week.

Fuck.

Jimin snickers like it's — funny. And so does Taehyung. Namjoon rolls his eyes, but Yoongi can't quite shake the feeling that all of them think this is funny. That they're playing a game with him. That this is part of some sort of ritual Yoongi doesn't quite understand and can't quite follow. But he's not —

Yoongi's not entirely sure he dislikes it.

The waitress passes by to pick up their dishes. She asks, a stray strand of hair hanging limply in front of her eyes, if they'd like their checks drawn up separately.

"Uh," Jimin answers, gesturing towards Namjoon. "The two of us together, and — "

"The two of us together."

Yoongi is so distracted by the way Taehyung's fingers press into the soft curve of his balls, curling slowly downward until he's nearly fucking *cupping* Yoongi through his pants, and the way Yoongi's stomach grows hot and his thighs burn with sensitivity and he can't tear his eyes away from the edge of the table because the waitress must be able to see, Jimin and Namjoon must know, must know that Yoongi is growing hard beneath Taehyung's hand, his whole body *burning* —

He doesn't even think to protest.

And for a second, Yoongi thinks it's a scam. That Taehyung just tricked him. Because even if the two of them don't know each other well at all, Yoongi is still the older. Taehyung is just trying to get him to pay for the meal, and even if Yoongi is mildly offended, at least things start to make *sense* —

And then Taehyung yanks a card out of his pocket and hands it to the waitress.

She blinks for a moment, but promptly takes it. "Okay," she mutters under her breath. "Just a moment."

Yoongi feels all the blood rush from his head.

"Excuse — " he starts. But he cuts himself off when Taehyung presses his palm down into line of Yoongi's very, *very* hard cock.

He can't believe he's had two fucking boners in this restaurant. Two. Two whole, separate boners. One orgasm in the bathroom. He should *probably* be banned from this place for life.

Taehyung grins, his teeth flashing savagely from in between his lips. "My treat," he says.

A hot bead of sweat rolls down the back of Yoongi's neck.

"I'm — " Yoongi says. He's hard. He's so hard, and Taehyung knows that he's hard and he's *smiling*, and Jimin is snickering, his lips pulled up into a sweet little grin like this is fucking funny because he *knows*, he must know that Taehyung is pressing his palm into Yoongi's cock,

picking up a rhythm as the seconds tick on, and everyone *knows* because Taehyung's whole *shoulder is moving* —

"I've — "

Yoongi shoves at Taehyung's shoulder. The upholstery of the booth squeaks as Taehyung's whole body shifts a few inches to the right.

"I've got to, um, out — "

He nearly climbs over Taehyung's lap in his attempt to escape from the booth. But Taehyung is calm — just slides out and lets Yoongi go, carefully keeping his hands to himself, and Yoongi spins and bows his head towards the three of them and then stutters, "Smoke! I'm gonna — go."

He breaks into a near-sprint as he bolts for the back door.

—

"Wow."

Yoongi glances towards the back door of the restaurant as it slams shut.

Jimin takes a few shuffling steps towards Yoongi, his hands buried deep in the pockets of his jacket. "You really did come out here to smoke."

He's had about ten minutes to cool off, quite literally — the crisp, damp March air bites at the tips of Yoongi's ears and point of his nose. He brings the cigarette up to his lips and takes a long drag.

"Yeah," he says. A thin cloud of smoke billows in front of his face. "I cannot tell a lie, yadda yadda yadda."

Jimin slides up next to him, close enough that their shoulders brush. "That's not a very good joke," he says. Yoongi shrugs. Jimin snickers, rifling around in the pockets of his jeans. "You have a light?"

Jimin holds a cigarette up to Yoongi, who grunts an affirmative and starts digging in his back pocket.

"You alright?" Jimin asks as Yoongi flicks his the lighter on.

Yoongi furrows his eyebrows. "Uh," he says, "yeah?"

Jimin peers at Yoongi from under his eyelashes, holding the end of his

cigarette up to the flame. A beat passes before Yoongi realizes that Jimin is not referring to Yoongi having any sort of difficulty lighting his cigarette, but the events that had transpired inside the restaurant.

He bites his lip, flicking the lighter off and shoving it back into his pocket. "I'm fine," he says.

His cheeks burn with heat. He blames it on the cold.

"Taehyung can come on a bit strong," Jimin says.

Yoongi sucks in a sharp breath, crossing his arms and leaning back against the wall.

"He saw me with my dick in my goddamn hand and said *wow*." Yoongi waves his hand in some vague gesture that might be angry or mocking before shoving the cigarette back in between his lips.

Jimin sputters. "You were really jerking off in the bathroom?"

Yoongi furrows his eyebrow. "Yes." He lifts his boot up and stamps it lightly into the ground. "Yes, I was." He flicks a bit of ash onto the ground. "Did you think I was kidding? It looked like you took me seriously."

Jimin shrugs. "I figured you were doing something else really weird in there."

Yoongi hums. "Nope," he says. "I'm just a loser."

Jimin laughs. "You're not a loser," he says. "Being weird doesn't make you a loser."

Yoongi takes a moment to pause and stare into the distance. There's a thick line of trees in between them in the road, but if he squints he can make out the glimmer of street lamps and car headlights, the roll of wet tires across asphalt.

"That's fair," Yoongi says. "I'm definitely a loser, though."

Jimin laughs. It's a strong, full-bodied sort of laugh. For a moment, Yoongi watches the way he bends at the waist, smoke puffing from his nostrils and eyes pinching into sweet little half-moons.

He turns away and takes another drag from his cigarette.

"Sure," Jimin says. "I guess I don't know you, so I can't really argue."

Yoongi smacks him on the shoulder. "Smart," he says. "Listen to your hyungs, Jimin-ssi. They know best."

Jimin sputters, shoving lightly at Yoongi's arm. The two of them laugh — or, Jimin's laugh comes out a lot more like a giggle — before lapsing once again into silence.

"So how do you all know each other?" Yoongi asks. "Cult?"

Jimin's eyes go wide. "What?" he sputters. "A *what*?"

"Y'all're weird," Yoongi says. "I figure there's gotta be some reason for it."

Jimin snickers. "We're not in a cult," he says. "We know each other from, uh. The BDSM community."

Yoongi blinks.

As he watches, Jimin flushes red across the bridge of his nose and low on his cheeks. He shuffles on his feet, staring uncomfortably down at his shoes and then off into the distance. He looks shy. Maybe a little bashful.

Yoongi blinks. "Oh," he says.

A beat passes before Jimin manages to gain enough courage to look Yoongi in the eye. He raises his eyebrows. "Makes more sense now, doesn't it?"

Yoongi runs his tongue over his lips. "Yeah," he says. He doesn't really know all that much about BDSM, but from what he does know — "Yeah, it does."

Jimin giggles. It sounds rather self-conscious.

Yoongi understands that feeling very intimately.

A few more moments pass in silence. The two of them stare into the distance and quietly smoke, the grey clouds rising from their lips dissipating into the foggy gray sky of the city.

"So you, like," Yoongi asks, because he's a dumbass with a too-curious mind. "Let that other guy tie you up and hit you?"

The idea sounds incredibly, *incredibly* foreign to him. Not to mention weird. Very, very weird.

Jimin wrinkles his nose. "No," he says. "Of course not."

Yoongi's eyebrows hike up his forehead. For a split second he wonders if he simply has no earthly idea what BDSM is, and has completely and totally embarrassed himself for the — god, Yoongi's lost count of how many times he's made a fool of himself that day.

But then Jimin flicks a bit of ash off the end of his cigarette, brushes his bangs out of his eyes, says, "I do that stuff to him."

Yoongi blinks. "Isn't he older than you?"

Jimin furrows his eyebrows. "So?"

Yoongi stares at him. His cigarette burns in between his fingers, completely unattended. He wants to say something like — *that's undignified* or *that just seems wrong* or *wow, that's fucking crazy*.

He doesn't do that. Instead, he keeps his mouth shut.

"Touché," he says.

It won't be until long after this conversation has already passed that Yoongi pauses and looks back on the fact that Taehyung had definitely, definitely been doing something similar to him. Embarrassing him in public, grinding his palm down on Yoongi's cock, and Yoongi had fucking *loved it*, but — in the moment, it doesn't really click.

Jimin grins.

"For real though, are you okay?" he asks. "Taehyung can be a little — especially when it comes to people who don't really know what's going on, and — "

"I'm fine." Yoongi's shoulders stiffen. The way Jimin is talking is like he could've been fucking — *damaged* by Taehyung touching his dick a little. Through his pants. He wonders if the fact that he hadn't had sex in so long is *that* obvious. "Doesn't fucking matter."

Jimin hums low in his throat. "It kind of does," he says.

A long beat passes in silence. Yoongi feels his own irritation spike.

"BDSM is a lot about..." Jimin trails off, inhaling around his cigarette before exhaling in a thick breath of smoke. "Being safe. Making sure the other person is...okay, you know?"

Yoongi doesn't. As far as he's aware, BDSM consists of weird sexual torments and an odd fascination with pain that he doesn't really understand. He says as much.

"Not really."

Jimin shrugs. A little smile quirks across his lips. "You probably don't need to," he says. "At least not right now."

Yoongi's entire back stiffens. "Right now?" he asks.

Jimin shrugs. Yoongi realizes, rather belatedly, that his cigarette is basically a stub in between his fingers. He grunts to himself, annoyed, and stamps it out beneath the toe of his boot.

"I mean," Jimin says. "You were jerking off in a public bathroom. Apparently. Figure you got at least a passing interest."

And Yoongi — he doesn't even begin to know how to dissect that. Doesn't know how to explain that he'd really just seen some tits and couldn't really control himself, that his date had been dismissive and uninterested and looked at him a bit like he wasn't worth her time, that she'd worn a low-cut shirt and it just — made Yoongi a little crazy. That the idea of jerking off in a bathroom while his date waited outside made his heart spit and kick in his chest, made his whole body buzz from head to toe, that most of the time Yoongi felt like his brain was fucking *dead*. He just liked feeling alive every once in a while, and it had nothing to do with Jimin's weird fascination with pain —

But Yoongi doesn't really know how to say that. Doesn't really care enough to.

"Whatever," he says instead.

Jimin peers at him curiously for a long, long moment.

He cracks a smile.

"You being okay is important," he says, elbowing Yoongi very lightly. He drops the butt of his own cigarette on the concrete and snuffs it out before bending over to pick it up and tossing it into a nearby trashcan. "Taehyung is still here, by the way."

Yoongi shifts uncomfortably. He can't quite place the source of the discomfort — whether it's with the idea of seeing Taehyung again or something else entirely.

"You can go see him, if you want." Jimin scratches at the back of his neck. "Or I can give him your phone number. If you want."

Today has been weird. Yoongi has done a lot of strange, impulsive things in the last hour or so.

He figures tacking one more thing onto the end of the list won't really change all that much.

"Sure," Yoongi says. He twists his hands together before cracking his knuckles, nervous. "Give him my number."

Jimin grins. "Okay," he says. "Sounds good."

He passes his phone over to Yoongi and lets him put his phone number into a brand new contact. Jimin grins and mutters something about how he'll message it to Taehyung. Yoongi peers over Jimin's shoulder and manages to catch him put in parenthesis next to Yoongi's name, (*bathroom jerkoff guy*). He tries to find it in himself to be offended.

"Okay," Jimin says, a few moments later. "Sent!"

And Yoongi — he doesn't always get a lot of clarity when it comes to his feelings. Not until he's had some downtime to contemplate things in peace and quiet — and a lot of things aren't really worth that level of contemplation, in his opinion.

But when Jimin shows him the little *sent!* notification, Yoongi's heart leaps into his throat with something that feels a lot like *anticipation*, and —

Yoongi figures *that*, if anything, is worth his damn contemplation.

—

Yoongi gets home late that evening after picking up an extra shift at work and dropping by his professor's office to ask a couple of questions about a project he was supposed to start working on the next day. Usually Yoongi would just email, but the guy is terrible at answering them and phone calls for some reason make him more nervous than jerking off in a public bathroom does, and literally as soon as he had left the guy's office he'd gotten a message from his boss asking if he could fill in — and Yoongi isn't desperate, but he could really use the money.

So it's well past eleven by the time Yoongi get back to his apartment. He's tired, and feels a little disheveled in the way that one does after a long day filled with many unexpected twists and turns, and more than anything else he just wants to crawl in bed.

He throws the door open and finds Seokjin sitting on the couch. The TV blares quietly in the background. There's an empty plastic takeout container sitting on the dining room table beside a tall plastic bag.

"Hey," Seokjin says. He's curled up sideways, his head propped up on the arm of the couch and his white-socked feet pulled up towards his body. "Food for you on the counter."

"Holy shit," Yoongi says. He throws his keys onto the table and immediately shoves his fingers into the bag. The last meal he'd eaten was — that lunch. Fuck. How many hours is that? Probably too many. "You're the best roommate ever."

Seokjin throws his arms out awkwardly. The backs of his hands hit the wall and the coffee table. "I live to serve."

It's probably meant to be a joke, but Yoongi doesn't laugh. He's a little too focused on grabbing a pair of chopsticks from the kitchen and yanking the plastic top off the container. It's some sort of noodle dish, but Yoongi doesn't really pay all that much attention, just shoves it in his mouth while he stands in the kitchen.

Seokjin smacks his lips. "Take off your shoes, you hooligan."

Yoongi grunts. He slips his backpack off his shoulders and hobbles over to the front door to kick his shoes off. He carries the container with him, taking the opportunity to shove another bite of noodles into his mouth as soon as he finishes swallowing.

"Thank you, hyung," Yoongi mumbles in between bites.

He makes for his own room as quickly as he can, but Seokjin stops him by lobbing a baby pink slipper at his head.

"Hold on, hold on!"

Yoongi stops just short of the hallway threshold. Woodenly, he turns towards Seokjin. "What?"

Seokjin promptly lobs the other shoe at him. Yoongi barely manages to dodge. "How is that any way to talk to your hyung who just got you food?" His voice spikes into a pinched, nasal sort of tone. It's mostly teasing, if not just a little annoyed. "Show me some respect."

Yoongi takes a few steps over to the couch and sets the food container down on the coffee table. "Sorry," he says.

Seokjin grunts in response, pushing himself up into a proper sitting position. "How'd the date go?"

She had been Seokjin's coworker, or — a friend of a coworker, or something like that. Also, apparently, permanently single, which is the only reason the two of them had been set up as far as Yoongi is aware.

Yoongi hums. "Well," he says. "It depends on which one you're talking about."

Seokjin pauses. "Which one?"

Yoongi shoves another clump of noodles into his mouth and slurps. A beat passes as Yoongi slurps and then licks the sauce away from his lips. Seokjin shoots him an irritated look, like he knows that Yoongi is delaying his explanation on purpose just to be a piece of shit.

"She ditched me," Yoongi says. He keeps his eyes fixed on the television, some actress shedding crocodile tears in the finale of some drama. "And then I met some guy in the bathroom and he invited me to come eat with him and his friends." Yoongi sucks up another mouthful of noodles. "And then," he says, his mouth still full, "he paid for my food. And I gave him my number. So I think it was a date."

Seokjin gapes at him for a long, long moment.

"She...ditched you?" he asks.

"While I was in the bathroom." Yoongi isn't really watching the show, just keeping his eye on Seokjin's reaction in the corner of his eye. It's mostly because Seokjin's confused face is hilarious as fuck, but there's also some part of Yoongi that's strung tight in anticipation, wondering what Seokjin will say —

"A man?"

"You know I go out with men sometimes," Yoongi says. He takes another bite of noodles, continuing to stare at the television. And if he spreads his knees just a little wider, until his leg bumps into Seokjin's, well — neither of them mention it.

"I know," Seokjin says. "That's just — the whole situation is — kind of weird?"

"Yeah," Yoongi says. He shoves the last few bites of food into his mouth and immediately stands up to dump his empty container with Seokjin's. "Pretty odd."

A moment passes in silence. "Are you gonna go out with him again?"

Yoongi shrugs. He stands over the sink and scrubs off his chopsticks before tossing them back into the drawer they came from. "Dunno."

When Yoongi turns around, Seokjin is leaning forward, his elbows propped up on his knees. His eyes sparkle with interest. "Was his nice?"

Yoongi pauses, thinking. He's not really sure how to classify Taehyung. Inviting him to eat with them was probably pretty nice, if not weird. Yoongi still doesn't quite know what to think about the over-the-pants dick-fondling though, so he just settles with, "Kind of?"

Seokjin stays silent for a long, long, long moment. Yoongi stands there, in the middle of their kitchen, staring at Seokjin. He feels a little adrift. He hasn't had time the entire day to think about Taehyung, think about the fact that sometime in the next few days he's probably going to get a message asking him for a date, or a weird hookup, or something —

Seokjin leans back. "Do you like him?"

Yoongi's breath catches in his throat. "I think so," he says. "Maybe. Not, like. A lot."

A moment later, he realizes he's twisting his fingers together nervously at his waist. And his cheeks are hot. Fuck.

Seokjin grins. "Well, not what I intended when I set you up, but — " He waves a hand. "That's good. You've been single long enough."

Yoongi crosses his arms. He can still feel his own cheeks burning red, and turns his head to the side. As if that would stop Seokjin from knowing that he's blushing like a love-struck teenager.

"I didn't say I'd go out with him." Yoongi purses his lips. "Being single suits me just fine."

Even out of the corner of his eye, he catches the way Seokjin's whole head moves as he rolls his eyes. "Sure," he says. "Okay."

Yoongi blows out a hot, angry breath of air. "Whatever," he says, before grabbing his backpack by one of the straps and disappearing into his own room.

—

Yoongi may or may not have been lonely for a long, long time.

He'd been on plenty of dates. Or, at least — a normal amount of dates. A perfectly reasonable number for someone who was casually dating.

But those dates were usually first dates. Rarely if ever did those first dates lead to second dates. Yoongi usually pleads feeling sick or being busy with school or just feeling especially shitty in the mental health department, but — he'd been doing a lot better recently. He has his financial situation sorted out, his meds do enough for him that he can force himself to get out of bed in the mornings, his parents have stopped calling him to harass him about changing his major to something real. He does pretty well for himself.

Yoongi is generally wary of words like happy — they feel a little unnecessarily absolute. But he would say that he's satisfied. Life is satisfactory.

And yet.

Yoongi stares at the ceiling, blinking slowly in the darkness of his room.

He feels like something is missing.

Which is dumb, because Yoongi is perfectly fine being single. And he keeps not calling his dates back, keeps ignoring messages, keeps

turning down invitations to come up to their places for coffee. And Yoongi isn't a big believer in fate or destiny or whatever other sort of nonsense people choose to put their faith in, but — something had just never felt right.

Yoongi clutches his phone over his chest. He should probably plug it in and go the fuck to sleep. It must be well past one in the morning — but at that particular moment his phone happens to buzz.

He lifts it up, squinting at the brightly glowing screen in the darkness.

It's Taehyung.

Yoongi doesn't really believe in destiny. And he doesn't really know if this — shit, weird shit — might feel right. But he figures that it's at least worth a try.

*hey
you said you work, right?
when's your next day off*

He blinks, sleepily rubbing at his eyes. He doesn't think especially hard before responding.

you message back quickly

*hehe
yeah, i don't really care about that
waiting & stuff*

Something twists low in Yoongi's gut. He's not sure whether it's a good feeling or a bad one per se, but — it is exciting. Yoongi's excited.

He bites his lip.

why not?

hahaha i dunno

*i guess it's just like
bullshit
i dunno
i know what i want*

Yoongi's heart jumps upwards and catches in his throat.

what is it that you want

to know when your next day off is!!!

Yoongi swallows.

thursday

i only have one class at nine

He stares at the bright little screen, his heartbeat picking up the longer he looks. He watches the read receipt tick on, knows Taehyung is probably about to ask him for something, for some sort of date or hook-up or whatever else, and Yoongi —

i'm not into that pain shit though

Yoongi stares at the words he'd just typed.

Holy fuck, that's — it's so awkward. It's so, so awkward. The two of them were just — just setting up a date, and Yoongi had gone ahead and bulldozed through the whole thing with his awkward acknowledgement of sex, and —

haha

that's cool

i'm not really, either

Yoongi blinks.

i can do thursday, though :D

do you wanna come over to my place?

Yoongi's whole body clenches when he sucks in a deep breath. Going over to Taehyung's place, that's — they're talking about sex. That's an invitation to come have sex, and when Yoongi tries to calmly think through what that might entail, whether he *wants* that or not, his whole brain goes completely, utterly blank.

Yoongi's mouth goes dry. What is he supposed to —

or we could get coffee or something?

A moment passes in silence. Yoongi stares down at his phone.

*there's this place around the corner from my apt
they have good smoothies*

Yoongi's thoughts stutter.

smoothies?

*i don't like coffee
and they have rooms in the back
we could talk?*

Yoongi runs his tongue across his lips, a little knot rising in the back of his throat.

*yeah
that sounds good*

*cool!
does noon sound good?*

When he pauses, Yoongi realizes that his hands are shaking.

yeah

*awesome :D
i'll send you the address*

ok

And then it's done.

Yoongi locks his phone and settles back in bed, staring at the ceiling. There's some part of him that argues that he shouldn't be so nervous, he shouldn't be so geared up, because it's just a *date* — or, like, a date to arrange sex or something, Yoongi is admittedly not really sure. But there's another part of him that knows he's stepping into uncharted territory. Knows that he has absolutely no idea what he's doing, but that's —

Yoongi takes a deep breath in.

Maybe that can be a good thing.

Chapter 2

"Hi!" Taehyung peeks his head into the private room. The doors are glass, so Yoongi doesn't know why Taehyung had bothered to knock like Yoongi couldn't see who he was.

Yoongi nods back. "Hi," he says.

Taehyung grins as he steps into the room, letting the door slide closed behind him. He's holding a pink drink in a clear plastic cup. Yoongi figures it's a smoothie.

"I didn't think you'd get here before me," Taehyung says. "Were you waiting long?"

"No," Yoongi says. "No, it wasn't too long."

The little room isn't especially notable — it's pretty nice considering the price, and the wall is painted a pretty, pastel shade of purple. There's a circular table, a couple of chairs, and the glass door and windows on either side keep the room from feeling too cramped. And the coffee isn't too bad, in Yoongi's opinion.

Yoongi is expecting for Taehyung to take the chair directly across from him. It just makes the most sense in terms of space and in terms of date etiquette — if this is a date — which is why Yoongi sucks in a sharp, surprised breath when Taehyung dumps his bag on the floor and not only takes the chair right next to him, but immediately scoots close enough that their shoulders touch.

"Oh," Yoongi says.

Taehyung grins, shifting closer, ducking his head. His body is warm. "Hi."

Yoongi swallows. He feels a knot rise up in his throat. "You already said that."

"Oh." Taehyung glances towards the door, a smile that strikes Yoongi as partly secretive and partly mischievous. "Yeah, I did."

Yoongi follows Taehyung's gaze to the door. He stares for a long moment, trying to figure out what Taehyung is staring at, but there's nothing especially of note. There's a photo in the hallway outside and a set of wooden blinds blocking the window on either side of the door,

only half-closed.

Yoongi furrows his eyebrows. "What is *up* with you?" he asks.

Taehyung starts. "Huh?" he asks.

When he turns to Yoongi, his eyes are attentive. A deep shade of brown. Yoongi's heart jumps into his throat.

"Is this, like, a date?" Yoongi asks.

Taehyung blinks at him, and immediately, Yoongi feels incredibly stupid for even asking. A blush creeps up his neck.

"I mean," Taehyung says. He tilts his head forward and grins, his fingers inching forward towards Yoongi's own. "If you want it to be."

Yoongi bites his lip. That shouldn't be — that answer shouldn't be so cryptic. A sense of discomfort sinks deep down into his bones, his heart pounding against the inside of his chest. He shouldn't be so confused, shouldn't feel so *vulnerable*.

"I'm just — " Yoongi jerks his hand away, biting the inside of his lip. "I'm just gonna — " he fumbles for his bag, sitting by his feet. "I'm gonna go, I — "

Taehyung lips part into a surprised little o, but Yoongi stands up and turns away before he can take a good look at his face. He shouldn't be — he shouldn't feel like he's getting played, like a fish out of water, this is a *mistake* and Yoongi is better off *alone* —

"Hey!"

Taehyung's hand wraps around Yoongi's wrist.

"Hey, it's..." Yoongi whips around, a knot in his throat choking him off. "It's...sorry." Taehyung bites his lip. "I'll just. I'll stop. It's — "

A moment of silence hangs. Yoongi's skin buzzes with discomfort.

"I'll stop trying to play it cool. Sorry."

As Yoongi watches, Taehyung pinches his lower lip in between his teeth and bites down. "It's — I just wanna get to know you. And talk about. Sex." His whole face bursts into a deep pink blush, his gaze sliding downwards. "And dating. Maybe. If you want."

Yoongi stares.

"Sorry, I just..." Taehyung shuffles his feet. The toes of his shoes shift and twist, ostensibly as he curls his toes. "I don't normally. Do things like this."

Yoongi raises his eyebrows. He doesn't sit back down. "Your friends seem to be under the impression that you meet strangers in the bathroom all the time."

Taehyung blushes. "Um," he says. "Yeah, I do, they just — don't usually text me back."

A moment passes in complete silence. Yoongi stares at Taehyung, Taehyung stares at the table, and Yoongi — he feels like he should probably leave. He doesn't know what he's doing, and this guy is *weird* and there's a part of Yoongi's stomach that writhes with discomfort at the thought of commitment, of someone expecting something from him, but —

"You don't have to stay," Taehyung says. "And even if you do, there's nothing in particular you have to do, just — " He takes a deep breath, squeezing his eyes shut. This sounds almost like a speech that he's practiced, the words flowing from his mouth with a certain stilted, polished quality. "We could just talk."

Yoongi stares. "Why would you want to just talk to me?" he asks.

Taehyung shrugs. "I dunno," he says. "You seem nice."

Yoongi continues to stare. "You met me while I was jerking off in a bathroom."

Taehyung's shoulders tighten up around his neck. "Doesn't mean you can't be nice," he says. "Or, like — funny. You seem funny."

With a low grunt in the back of his throat, Yoongi plops himself back down into the chair. Taehyung doesn't take his hand off Yoongi's wrist. "Thanks," he says. It sounds deadpan and at least somewhat sarcastic, but Taehyung doesn't seem to mind.

"Anytime."

He sounds a little sarcastic himself.

Yoongi sighs, crosses his elbows over the table, and lets his forehead

fall onto his own arms. "I think I subconsciously sabotage every romantic relationship that has the chance of possibly developing between me and another person."

After a moment, Yoongi raises his head enough to peek at Taehyung over the line of his bicep. His eyebrows are raised. "That's pretty forward," he says.

Yoongi snorts. He doesn't lift his face out of his arms. "You've already seen my dick, might as well know about all of my emotional issues."

"I don't think that's quite the same sort of thing," Taehyung says. He tilts his head to the side, his bangs shifting over his forehead. They look a little choppy, uneven, like he cuts them himself.

Yoongi shrugs.

Taehyung hums. "I don't do super well with relationships, either." He taps his fingers against the table, propping his chin up on one hand.

Yoongi furrows his eyebrows. "What do you mean?" he asks. He doesn't really see any reason Taehyung should be *bad* at relationships — especially if he does that weird BDSM stuff. Do you even have relationships when it comes to that sort of thing? Although, maybe Taehyung isn't really into it, maybe Yoongi had just misunderstood the conversation he'd had with Jimin before, and it's not — only Jimin and Namjoon are into that sort of stuff. And not Taehyung.

(Yoongi doesn't really want to acknowledge it, but there's a small, small part of his brain that whines in disappointment at that thought. He bites his own lip and mentally shoos it away, putting the complaint down to curiosity.)

"I think I might kind of tend to scare people off." Taehyung's lips twist into a dry smile.

Yoongi pauses. "I could see that, I guess." And Taehyung nods, his hands lacing together in his lap. "You hang out with those weird BDSM people though, right?"

Taehyung inclines his head to the side. "Yeah?"

Yoongi shrugs. "They seem like they wouldn't get scared off by much."

Taehyung hums, taking a sip of his smoothie. The straw is thin, and after a moment the whole thing collapses as Taehyung sucks, a hunk

of fruit caught in the bottom. "BDSM people get freaked out by emotions just like everyone else does." He runs his tongue over his lips. "And I *am* one of those BDSM people."

Yoongi's shoulders stiffen. He reaches forward for his coffee and brings it up to his lips, taking a sip. It's not scalding hot anymore, and usually Yoongi would put more effort into drinking it before it goes completely cold, but instead — "I thought you said you weren't into that stuff."

Taehyung stares at Yoongi in complete silence, his eyebrows furrowed and his fingers clasped nervously together. Yoongi stares back at him, equally as silent, working to keep his expression neutral.

But after a long moment, understanding dawns across Taehyung's features. "Oh," he says. A soft smile quirks across his lips. "BDSM isn't just about pain." His eyes slide downwards, gaze tracing along the edge of the table before flicking up Yoongi's arm and along the line of his jaw. "There are...other things."

Yoongi's stomach clenches and rolls with nerves. He slides his hands away from the edge of the table and down into his lap. And Taehyung — he seems like a generally sheepish sort of person. If he misses the finer points of politeness sometimes, he is, at the very least, well-meaning, but —

There's something about the way he stares at Yoongi. A glint in his eye.

It makes Yoongi's whole body shiver.

"What..." Yoongi starts. His heart pounds against his sternum, barely held in by his ribcage. A hot bead of sweat rolls down the back of his neck. "What kind of things?"

Taehyung's arm slides around his shoulders. Yoongi feels his shoulders curl inwards, his breath picking up. And it's *wrong* — Yoongi knows that if anyone looked into this room, at their body language, they'd think that Taehyung is Yoongi's hyung. That Taehyung is older. The one in charge. And that's not — that's not right, that's not how things should be, but some part of Yoongi feels so small and coiled and *right* when Taehyung leans over and says to him, "You remember when we were in the restaurant?"

Yoongi sucks in a sharp breath. "Yeah."

Taehyung hums. He curls his fingers around Yoongi's shoulder, loosely pulling him in. "I really like," he says, his other hand very gently caressing the outside of Yoongi's thigh, "the idea that someone might see."

Yoongi shifts. "Yeah?"

A moment passes in silence. Yoongi's heartbeat thunders in his chest.

"Do you like the idea of that, Yoongi?"

Yoongi's heart kicks, spitting blood so violently into his veins he can hear it pounding through his ears. He swallows, and remains silent. "What — what else do you like?"

His own fingers curl around his knees.

Taehyung clears his throat. "Is — is the way I'm touching you okay?"

Yoongi presses his lips together and shifts his shoulders. Quickly, Taehyung moves to pull his arm away, but Yoongi catches Taehyung's wrist before he can go too far. "It's fine," he says. His cheeks flush with heat. "I'll — I'll tell you if it isn't, alright?"

Taehyung grins. "Okay," he says. His grip around Yoongi's thigh tightens, his fingers curling closer to Yoongi's groin. "I like...small...small..." Silence hangs. "Well. You know."

Yoongi purses his lips. "You really can't say *dicks*?"

He turns his head to look at Taehyung. His cheeks are a deep, deep shade of pink and his smile is sheepish, but kind. "I dunno," he says.

Yoongi snorts.

"I like...tying them up. Putting them in little cages. Cock rings. Stepping on them, sometimes. Sound — "

Yoongi sucks in a sharp breath.

Taehyung smiles. "Too much?"

"Yeah," Yoongi says. "Yeah, the — the stepping sounds — "

"It's not as bad as you'd think. It's not, like — it's not a pain thing, really, and I don't really like doing it all that hard, it's more about — "

“Dominance.”

Yoongi finishes the sentence, and Taehyung grins. “Yeah,” he says. His fingers dig into Yoongi’s thigh, not painful, just — controlling.

“Dominance.”

Yoongi’s heart catches in his throat. He turns away.

“So, what — “ he starts. “You have no control in your everyday life so you like to pretend you have it in the bedroom?”

Taehyung jolts in surprise. “Oh, uh.” He draws his hands away, ever so slightly. “No — no, it’s, it’s just — some — I just like — “ His whole face goes red, his gaze lowering and his thighs squeezing together. “I mean — it’s not — I don’t want to be *mean*, I just — “

Yoongi bites his tongue.

“Sorry,” he says. “That — wasn’t fair. Sorry.”

A moment hangs in silence. Taehyung’s tongue flicks out over his lips. “Is that what you mean by subconsciously sabotaging?”

Yoongi’s stomach swoops with hurt. Which isn’t really fair, because he had said something equally if not *more* mean to Taehyung, but — “Yeah. Sorry.”

Taehyung smiles. “It’s alright,” he says. “Let’s just — I’ll try not to be too weird if you promise not to be an asshole.”

Suddenly, Yoongi snorts. “Yeah,” he says. “Uh, no promises on that.”

Taehyung had met him when he was in the middle of jerking off in the bathroom on a blind date. Yoongi is kind of an asshole. He really doesn’t need to hide from that.

“Just do your best,” Taehyung says. He leans forward, his breath skating across the sensitive skin of Yoongi’s neck. He’s warm. The gesture is surprisingly intimate. “Yeah?”

Yoongi licks his lips. “Yeah,” he says. He takes another sip of his drink, cool, bitter coffee sliding across his tastebuds.

He doesn’t think of himself as a person who generally believes in superstition or *gut feelings* or anything of the sort, but — he’s lonely. He’s horny. And he’s not so much of an idiot that he can’t recognize when something *feels* right.

“I — “ Yoongi starts. This is embarrassing. His cheeks flush and his whole body coils with discomfort. Why is speaking, putting words to ideas, so difficult when they feel so right when they sit quiet in his gut. His mouth runs dry. “I like. I like the idea that other people could. Could see.”

Taehyung smiles. “Oh, yeah?” he asks.

His hands are just as steady as they were before Yoongi had fucked everything up. Taehyung is trusting, it seems. Quick to forgive.

Yoongi nods.

Carefully, Taehyung’s hand wanders up Yoongi’s thigh. He leans in, pressing a soft kiss to Yoongi’s jaw. “This part of you is cute,” he says. His words slide across Yoongi’s skin like fog. “Little jaw nugget.”

And Yoongi — Yoongi would laugh if he wasn’t so incredibly, irrevocably, *horrifically* turned on.

“Do you see those blinds, hyung?”

Yoongi’s gaze snaps to the glass doorway. The blinds aren’t open, but certainly aren’t completely closed. Yoongi can make out the details of the painting hanging on the other side of the narrow hallway — pink petals, green leaves. A knot rises in Yoongi’s throat.

“Someone could walk by,” Taehyung says. “Anyone.”

Yoongi stares at the door. “Yeah,” he says. “So what?”

Taehyung hums, a mischievous lilt to his voice. “What do you think they’ll see, Yoongi?” Slowly, ever so *fucking* slowly, he moves his hand from Yoongi’s thigh to the bulge of his cock. And it’s — Yoongi’s whole brain screams in protest. Yoongi shouldn’t want this, it’s freaky and dangerous and — and he shouldn’t. “Hyung hitting on his dongsaeng?”

He squeezes Yoongi’s cock. A shiver claws its way up Yoongi’s spine.

“Stop,” Yoongi says. Taehyung starts to draw his hands away and Yoongi catches him by the wrist. “No, don’t — “

A moment passes in silence. Yoongi’s face and chest flush uncomfortably with heat. Taehyung stares at him patiently. Confidently. Yoongi would fucking *kill* for confidence like that. “What

do you want, hyung?”

“Don’t.” A hot bolt of panic slices through Yoongi’s gut. “Don’t. Don’t stop.”

Taehyung’s smile is gentle. He presses a kiss to the skin just under Yoongi’s ear and squeezes him again. Yoongi grunts.

“They’d think you’re desperate, hyung.” Taehyung leans away just far enough to comb his fingers through Yoongi’s bangs, push his hair away from his eyes. “See you with your cute little red face, watch you shake.” He leans in, whispers the next words so close to Yoongi’s ear that they seem to ghost over his skin and slither into his brain. Heat radiates off Taehyung, sinking into Yoongi’s bones. “Know I’ve got my hands all over your cute little cock.”

Yoongi sucks in a sharp breath as Taehyung’s fingers coil around his balls, squeezing tight through the material of his jeans.

Taehyung presses his palm against the line of Yoongi’s cock. He bites his lip. “*Fuck*,” he says. “It’s so small.”

He carefully traces the outline of Yoongi’s cock through his jeans. Yoongi grunts. He’d never been insecure — not more than normal, at least. He knows he’s small, had always been so. Yoongi, for the most part, had never really cared — it made him a little shy sometimes, a little less likely to hop into bed with just anyone, but it’s not something that’s ever especially mattered, but now —

“That’s a weird fetish to have.”

Taehyung hums. “It’s not a fetish, it’s a kink,” he says.

Yoongi shifts. He straightens his back and leans back into his chair, eyes fixed on the window. He wonders what — what someone would see, if they happened to pass by. If their eyes would go wide and their cheeks would flush. If the emotion that flashes across their expression would be disgust or — or interest.

Yoongi’s breath hitches in his throat. “What’s the difference?”

Taehyung’s tongue flicks out over his lips. He doesn’t try to hide the way his arm moves as he slides his hand over the bulge of Yoongi’s cock. “Fetish is something you *need* to get off.” He doesn’t look at Yoongi as he grinds his palm down onto Yoongi’s cock, his eyes lit up and his mouth pulled into an eager smile. “Kink is just something you

like.”

Yoongi presses his lips together and ever, ever so slightly kicks his hips up. “You like it a lot,” he says.

Taehyung meets Yoongi’s eyes. His gaze is almost childishly enthusiastic. “I do.”

He tugs at the button of Yoongi’s pants without much preamble. Yoongi’s whole body goes warm. “Wait, wait — “ he starts. “That’s.”

Taehyung raises his eyebrows. His palm is wide and warm where it lays across the breadth of Yoongi’s pubic bone. “That’s what?”

Yoongi feels like a child as he speaks. “It’s — I’m.” He blushes, pressing his lips together. “Someone will see.”

Taehyung raises his eyebrows. “You don’t want people to see your cute little cock?”

Heat lashes across Yoongi’s cheeks and though the breadth of his chest. “I — “ he starts. His mind races with the thought of his cock being out, barely hidden from view by the length of the table and Taehyung’s long, tan fingers. No one had walked by the door yet, but it could be *anyone*, literally any person could walk by and *know* —

Yoongi’s chest tightens up. “It’s illegal.”

A moment hangs in silence before Taehyung laughs. “That’s your reason?”

Yoongi’s whole face goes red, a fat bead of sweat rolling down the back of his neck. “I,” he says. “I don’t wanna get arrested for having my dick out in public.”

Taehyung presses his lips together and laughs. “Alright,” he says, his voice trembling with held-back laughter. He tugs at the button of Yoongi’s jeans again, slipping it through the hole with a dull little *pop!* “How about just like this?” he asks, sliding his hand between Yoongi’s underwear and his jeans. The zipper slowly *tink-tink-tinks* as it comes undone beneath the pressure of Taehyung’s hand.

Yoongi groans, embarrassed by how needy he sounds as he grabs at the edge of the table, at Taehyung’s shoulder. “Yeah, that’s — *okay.*”

Taehyung snickers. “You’re going to have to be more subtle than that

if we're going to get away with this, hyung."

Yoongi bites the inside of his mouth so hard he tastes metal. "It's not — nobody's even walked by ye—"

And then, as if on cue, a young girl wanders down the hall. Yoongi scrambles forward, hunching in an attempt to cover himself through the thin barrier of the blinds, but — she doesn't even glance their way.

Taehyung doesn't appear perturbed by this at all. He just laughs, slithers his arm around Yoongi's shoulders once again, and squeezes his cock. "Cute," he says.

Yoongi feels a lot like he's going to spontaneously liquefy. And then maybe soak into the floor.

Taehyung squeezes Yoongi's cock again. The space is tight and hot. There isn't very much room for Taehyung to move his hand, but he curls his fingers around Yoongi's balls and presses the heel of his palm into the head of Yoongi's cock — *god*, it's almost too short for Taehyung to even do that — and it feels like Yoongi is going to *melt*, his arms shaking and his breath picking up and his cock twitching against the palm of Taehyung's hand, damp with precome.

"Lean forward," Taehyung says. His voice is dark, demanding, but there's an undercurrent of something Yoongi can't quite place, something amused and maybe just a little enamored. "Put your elbows on the table."

Yoongi sucks in a slow, shaky breath and does as he's told.

Taehyung grinds his palm down. Yoongi bites his lip.

"Now stop making a face like you're getting a handjob." Taehyung's voice is cut through with laughter. "You're so obvious."

"Sorry, I must've skipped out on my *acting like I'm not getting a handjob* credit in college," Yoongi snaps. "And this — " He cuts himself off, biting his lip. "This isn't even a handjob."

"It's close enough." Taehyung laughs as he shifts his hand, drawing back just enough to slip his thumb beneath the waistband of Yoongi's underwear. His skin slips along the head of Yoongi's cock, slick with precome and so, so hard — "Oh, wow."

Yoongi braces his head in between his hands, trying not to squirm.

"What?"

Taehyung giggles. "Wet." He bites his lip, leaving his gaze fixed ahead. "Take a sip of your coffee."

Yoongi presses his toes into the soles of his shoes so roughly his joints creak in protest. His voice is raspy when he speaks. "It's cold by now."

Taehyung laughs — it's light, airy. "Do it anyways."

Yoongi reaches forward, his hand shaking. The pad of Taehyung's thumb runs rough across the head of Yoongi's cock, his fingers curling around the length. Taehyung squeezes, pulls ever so slightly, and the movement of his hand is so *obvious*, why is Yoongi even bothering to pretend like he's not getting felt up under the table, what's even the *point* —

"Put it to your lips and drink," Taehyung says. He speaks a bit like he's talking to a child or maybe someone who's particularly stupid — his words spaced out, his pronunciation careful. The veins in Yoongi's neck throb, his hips kicking ever so slightly forward.

He does as he's told.

"Good boy," Taehyung says. His lips curl into a smile. "This is oka — ?"

"Yes," Yoongi hisses. The coffee is cool and bitter on his tongue. There's so much fucking sensation and he doesn't even know *why*, his heart racing and his hands trembling, his head feels so fucking *full* and his gut is twisted up into all sorts of knots, Taehyung's thumb drawing out circles against the head of his cock, slipping beneath the foreskin and Yoongi can feel it *so much*.

"Ooh," Taehyung says. When Yoongi glances over, his head bowed and his shoulders hunched, Taehyung has an eager gleam in his eyes. "You're uncut."

"Yes." There's a squeaking noise as Yoongi puts too much weight on his elbow and shifts the table forward a few centimeters. "Yes, I'm —"

Taehyung cuts him off, this time. "Are you gonna come, hyung?"

All at once, Yoongi feels the desire to cry well up in his chest.

"You're gonna come? Just from this?"

Taehyung squeezes Yoongi's cock, presses the pad of his thumb down

into the slit. An ungodly noise rises from Yoongi's throat, his vocal cords squealing and his eyes slamming shut. Taehyung squeezes him tight, drawing rough circles over the head.

"I guess that's all it takes with a cock this little, huh?"

And then Yoongi's just — gone.

It's probably one of the most excruciatingly slow orgasms he's ever experienced. Yoongi digs his fingers into the edge of the table, gasping for breath as he comes, spilling across Taehyung's thumb and into his own underwear. He slams his eyes shut, bites his lip as he tries not to make noise, so thoroughly unsatisfied because there's just not *enough*, not enough stimulation, Yoongi's toes curling in his sneakers, his heart throbbing —

"You okay?"

Taehyung carefully leans away from him. For a quick, spiraling second Yoongi can't figure out why — he'd just had an orgasm and a small, tiny bit of Yoongi's soul feels like it's been torn from his body, chest heaving and heart thumping so roughly he swears Taehyung should be able to *hear* it —

And then he notices.

There's a man standing just outside the door. His eyes aren't turned towards the two of them — it looks like he's motioning to someone down the hall — but he's so close, right the fuck *there*, could turn to look at them with the movement of only a few muscles and Taehyung's *hand is down his pants* and Yoongi swears, Yoongi swears if the refractory period weren't a thing he would be getting hard all over again.

"Shh," Taehyung says. He doesn't move his hand, just gives Yoongi a rough squeeze which — *of course* — makes it difficult for Yoongi to hold in a soft, oversensitive groan. "Don't want him to hear us, do we?"

A knot rises in Yoongi's throat. Sweat pours down the back of his neck, sticky on his shoulders and the skin of his palms. His head spins and he already came and he doesn't — he can't — he can't figure out where this is supposed to end. Can't figure out whether he wants to stay quiet or whether he wants the man to look over, to see Taehyung's hand nestled up against his cock, to see embarrassment and shock ripple across the man's expression. He can't even think

straight.

But he shakes his head *no*. Hunches over and places his palms in his lap, shoulders trembling.

The man walks away without noticing them.

Yoongi lets out a sigh of relief, or — maybe it's just his body coming down from orgasm.

He doesn't really know. And now, in the empty, quiet space after Yoongi's come — he doesn't really know what to think about himself.

Taehyung's fingers are gentle as he pushes Yoongi's bangs off his forehead. "You said you didn't have anything to do after this?"

Yoongi purses his lips together and shakes his head *no*.

Taehyung hums. "Come back to my place." He presses a kiss to Yoongi's temple, the hand that isn't possessively cradling Yoongi's cock wrapping around his shoulders to pull him in tight. It's soft. Almost tender. "You don't — you don't have to, I just — "

"Yeah," Yoongi says. His breath slides coolly past his lips. He agrees without thinking about it. "Sure."

—

Yoongi cleans himself up as best he can in the bathroom of the coffee shop.

He stands in front of the mirror, pouting at himself. There's only so much that can be done about come that's started to dry in his underwear and his pubes — at least, with the limited supplies available to him in a public bathroom — and Yoongi is about to claim general discomfort and need of a shower in order to decline Taehyung's invitation when he sticks his head into the bathroom.

"You can shower at my place," he says. "If you want."

Yoongi stares.

"It's not, like — a creepy thing, or anything, I just mean — I wanted to spend more time with you, and that's — that's not comfortable, so if you'd like, you can — "

Yoongi cuts him off with a huff. "I get it." He combs his bangs back

from his forehead, trying in vain to disguise the general griminess of his entire person.

Taehyung continues to hover in the doorway, silent. Yoongi gets the impression that Taehyung is trying desperately, desperately not to fuck up.

And Yoongi — Yoongi understands that feeling.

"I'll come over," Yoongi says. "And shower. Just give me a minute."

"Okay," Taehyung says. The word comes out of his mouth so quickly it sounds almost breathless. "Yeah, uh — just. Come out whenever you're ready."

The door closes with a soft *thunk* behind him. Yoongi runs his tongue over his lips and takes a long, long moment to stare at the mirror, meeting his own gaze.

He wonders, in the forefront of his mind, what the fuck he's doing.

—

Taehyung's apartment is nice.

That's the first impression Yoongi gets from it, anyways. Because even if there are clothes scattered all across the floor and dirty dishes piled up in the sink, it's still — a generally put-together place. The furniture all matches and there are no massive holes in the baseboards and there's no suspicious-looking stains on the ceiling, all unlike Yoongi's apartment.

"The bathroom is, um, over that way," Taehyung says. He gestures off to the right. "By Namjoon's room."

Yoongi raises his eyebrows. "You didn't mention that you live with him," he says, heading off towards the bedroom despite the fact that he's still talking. His own come has started to crust in his pubes, and it's — uncomfortable, to say the least. Yoongi doesn't think he's experienced this level of genital discomfort since he was fifteen and decided to shave his balls for the first time.

"Oh," Taehyung says. He hovers awkwardly just inside the doorway even as Yoongi throws open the door to the bathroom. "Well, I do."

Yoongi grunts in response. The bathroom is nice as fuck, too — the

showerhead matches the faucet and the towels match the color scheme of the living room. Something about it sort of makes Yoongi want to do something very childish, although he can't quite pin the desire down.

He strips his shirt off and throws it onto the floor before he thinks to stick his head out of the bathroom and ask, "Can I use one of these towels?"

Taehyung is still hovering awkwardly in his own home — although this time, he's standing just behind the couch in the living room. "Oh," he says, looking startled. "Uh, yeah. Whichever is fine."

"Cool."

Yoongi slides the bathroom door shut. The latch closes with a soft *click*, and then — Yoongi's alone.

Out of the corner of his eye, Yoongi catches sight of himself in the mirror. His skin is pasty, a little sweat-tacked, but that's to be expected. His heart thuds against the inside of his chest, a hot wave of panic rolling through his body. There's just something about looking at himself that makes his whole body go hot, makes him wonder all over again what in the *world* he's doing. Yoongi's no stranger to making friends in strange places, but this is — this is a whole new level of weird behavior for him. And now he's just — at this dude's house, taking a shower in his bathroom.

Very briefly, Yoongi contemplates leaving now. Stepping out of the bathroom and out the front door. He knows he can do that, is perfectly free to, but —

Yoongi swallows and averts his gaze. The panic slowly recedes.

He's not panicked because he doesn't like Taehyung. He's not panicked because he doesn't want to be here. He stands still for a long moment, balling his fingers into fists at his sides. The root of the fear coiling deep in his stomach is the fact that he's afraid of what this might mean about him.

Whether being here — letting this happen, whatever *this* is, just — makes him a freak.

Yoongi closes his eyes and clenches his jaw. He doesn't want to be a freak.

Woodenly, he steps forwards and starts the shower. He doesn't think before stripping his pants from his legs, his underwear following not far after — although he's a little more delicate with them. His skin is still raw and sensitive, his pubic hair tacked into uncomfortable clumps.

A voice mutters, somewhere in the back of his brain, that it was fucking worth it.

Yoongi breathes. He takes it one step at a time. He walks into the shower and draws the curtain behind him. He faces the stream, letting hot water slide down his face, his shoulders, his back and his legs. Lets it warm him from head to toe, lets steam billow around him, and after the panic rising in his chest like a boiling vat of water starts to calm, to cool, he realizes —

Damn. Even their water pressure is better than his.

He gropes blindly for body wash. There are plenty of products stacked up in the shower rack, but Yoongi doesn't bother to look at any of them closely. He grabs the first container he sees that says *soap* and slathers it across his chest and into his pubes, carefully combing dried chunks of come out of his hair. It's disgusting, but Yoongi is happy to be clean. He's happy to take things one step at a time.

He showers quickly, carefully avoiding thoughts of weird cameras being hidden in the corners or Taehyung waiting outside the door ready to, like, hit him with a baseball bat or whatever. Yoongi figures there are easier ways to kidnap people, and Taehyung honestly doesn't seem dangerous or malicious or off-putting in any way, just — awkward.

Yoongi shuts off the shower and pulls a towel from the rack. He very sternly doesn't think about how many kidnapping victims probably think the exact same thing before they get kidnapped, but — Yoongi knows it's just anxiety. He does.

He sticks his head out the door of the bathroom. "Hey," he says, to the room at large.

Taehyung's head pops into his line of vision. It looks like he might be leaning over the back of the couch, although from this particular angle Yoongi can only really see his face. "Yeah?"

Yoongi holds the towel very firmly around his waist. "You're not gonna kidnap me, are you?"

Taehyung stares at him blankly. His eyebrows furrow in profound confusion. "Um, no?"

A moment slips away in silence. Yoongi nods. "Okay," he says, before stepping back into the bathroom and closing the door behind him.

He puts his back against the door, leaning his entire weight against it. Yoongi takes a big breath in and lets it out slowly.

He's fine. Absolutely fine.

"Um?" Taehyung's voice is muted from outside the door. "Did you maybe need clothes?"

—

"I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings before," Taehyung says. "About the small dick stuff."

Yoongi glances up from the cup of coffee he holds in his hands to meet Taehyung's eyes. "Oh," he says, blinking slowly as Taehyung collapses onto the armchair next to the side of the couch Yoongi is sitting on. "It's, um — it's fine. It doesn't hurt my feelings or anything."

Taehyung raises his eyebrows. "You sure?" he asks.

Yoongi feels his shoulders stiffen. "It's fine." He very firmly does not say *it's kind of hot*, even though he's pretty sure Taehyung making fun of him is what made him come in the first place, because that's just — embarrassing. "I don't care."

He turns his head to look out the window.

A long moment hangs in silence. Yoongi takes another sip of his coffee, taps his toes against the carpet, lets out a long breath through his nose before —

"So are we here to fuck or what?"

He sets his mug down on the coffee table.

Taehyung's eyebrows raise. "Huh?" he says, and then, "Oh. We don't have to."

Yoongi presses his lips together. "So why did you invite me back here?" he asks. Because — there's no other reason someone invites you over to their *apartment*, right? That's not just something he's making

up in his head.

"So you could...take a shower?" Taehyung's pitch raises in question. "I mean — I wasn't — we could — there's no issue on my end if you *want to*, I mean, I *was* thinking about it, I just — " He pauses, taking a deep breath in and then laughing at himself. "That's not the only. Possibility."

Deep inside Yoongi's chest, his heart twists and kicks. "What else...could we do?" he asks.

When Taehyung looks up at him, his gaze is earnest. His eyes are clear, his shoulders tense, the curve of his mouth hopeful. Some part of Yoongi wonders if Taehyung has been feeling the absence of — *something* — just like Yoongi has.

"We could watch a movie," Taehyung says. "I have some board games in the closet, we could play those if that's your thing — although I sort of feel like it isn't, um, sorry, but. We could go out again and do something, if you want, or we could — talk?"

Yoongi nods. "Or we could fuck."

Taehyung presses his lips together, trying to hold back a laugh. Yoongi wonders if he actually thinks this situation is funny or if he's just subconsciously trying to alleviate the awkwardness. "Or we could fuck," he agrees.

Yoongi smiles. There's something rather relieving about having all the possibilities spelled out to him. It's simple. "What sort of things would we talk about?"

Taehyung shrugs. "Anything. We could talk about...your major? Maybe?"

Yoongi hums, setting his coffee mug on the table. The tension flows out of him all at once. "Sound engineering," he says. "Mostly because I already knew a bunch about equipment and things. I used to be an underground rapper." His gaze slides off to the side. "Made my own mixtape and everything." Taehyung's eyes widen. He brings his mug up to his lips. "Really?"

He sounds completely and totally awe-stricken. Yoongi laughs.

"Yeah," he says. "That was a few years ago, though. It's kinda hard to pay the bills that way."

"Yeah," Taehyung says. "That makes sense, it's just...still really cool, though."

Yoongi smiles. "Thanks," he says. "What about you?"

Taehyung shrugs. "General studies," he says. "It's still only my first year, though. I'm still just...figuring things out, I guess."

"You've got time," Yoongi says. "Plenty of time to figure things out."

"Yeah," Taehyung agrees. He curls his feet up onto the seat beneath him. "So you don't really have any experience with BDSM stuff, huh?"

"No," Yoongi says. "I don't."

He feels weirdly at peace admitting that.

"So..." Taehyung asks. He taps his fingers against the edge of his mug. He'd poured so much honey into the damn thing that Yoongi figures it probably tastes a lot more like sugar water, so Yoongi doesn't really know if it's doing anything to calm him down, but he figures that's sort of beside the point. "Do you know what sort of things you might like?"

Something about this situation feels...revealing. The midday sun slides into the living room through the slats of the blinds, and Yoongi — Yoongi can't really hide. Can't hide from the fact that he's here, that he just came in his pants in a public cafe, that clearly there's *some* part of him that wants to be here — or else —

Why would he have stayed this long?

"I dunno," Yoongi says. A cool drop of water dribbles down the back of his neck and soaks into the material of the borrowed shirt. He thinks it might be Taehyung's. It smells like him.

Yoongi bites his lip. "I don't really know anything about...this sort of stuff. At all." Besides not having any real-life experience he's — never thought about it. Never had anyone close to him who likes it. He vaguely remembers stumbling across some sort of porn when he was fourteen and didn't — didn't really know what it was, but that's it.

"This sort of stuff?" Taehyung asks, raising his eyebrows. He's teasing, but Yoongi's gut twists like he'd been hit with a real criticism.

Yoongi doesn't really have a name for it. Not yet. It's just — weird. A

little abnormal. But it isn't like Yoongi's completely normal in the first place, he's — he had to deal with the whole *discovering that he likes men* thing a few years back, and it's not like that's completely normal, or anything, so — Yoongi has experience.

A quiet voice whispers to him, in the back of his head, that maybe he is totally normal. That liking men is normal and whatever — all of this is also normal. It's just a little less common.

Yoongi swallows.

"Do you...want to find out?"

Taehyung's mouth snaps shut, his whole expression flickers with vulnerability. Yoongi's mind briefly flickers back to what it had been like to have Taehyung whisper filthy things in his ear, for Taehyung to squeeze his fingers around Yoongi's cock to the point of pain. In that moment, it had seemed like Taehyung had held all the cards — he knew what he was doing, knew how to play the scene, he was *comfortable*, but now —

It's impossible for Yoongi to mistake him for anything other than just another person. Who's nervous and sweet and kind and may make just as many bad decisions as Yoongi does himself.

"I think so," Yoongi says. He stares at Taehyung head-on. "Yeah."

Taehyung grins. "Cool."

—

They don't get to it immediately. First, Taehyung puts on some music. His taste is good, even if it doesn't completely agree with Yoongi's — he prefers song that are slow, full, with a heavy bass. It's a nice change of pace, and then the two of them just — talk.

Taehyung talks about how he met Jimin and Namjoon — he'd been friends with Jimin since high school and Jimin had met Namjoon through the BDSM club that they went to. And, apparently, even though Taehyung and Jimin were good friends, they had tried living together and it just got on both of their nerves. Namjoon is a good roommate, Taehyung says, because he cleans up after himself and he always lets Taehyung know before he brings people over to the house. And he supposedly has a good sense of fashion, although Yoongi is inclined to believe that might just mean that Taehyung and Namjoon's senses of style tend to line up more.

The two of them sit in the living room and drink their drinks and talk over the low din of the music.

It's...nice. Surprisingly normal. Maybe a little domestic. Yoongi doesn't quite understand why that makes him feel so secure, so content, but he doesn't scrutinize it.

"So is this like..." Yoongi starts. He stares down at the grounds nestled in the bottom of his mug — the very last cup in the pot. He can't actually remember how many he'd drank. "Is this, like, just a sex thing, or...?"

Taehyung shrugs. "I dunno," he says. "I mean, I'm not...opposed to it being. Not just a sex thing."

Yoongi sets the empty coffee mug on the table, carefully avoiding Taehyung's gaze. His heartbeat picks up and his stomach does a tight little flip. "Okay," he says. "That's...okay."

"I like...*dates*," Taehyung says. "Like, where I take people out to the movies and we buy popcorn and hold hands in the cupholder, and — the kind of thing where we can, like, go to the park or maybe just chill out at home, or — " He cuts himself off with a thick swallow. "All of that sort of stuff."

"I'm gonna be honest with you and tell you that I'm not a date sort of person," Yoongi says. He places his hands in his lap. He doesn't glance over, waiting for Taehyung's response. He just continues on, blithely, "But this is nice." He pauses for a long moment, silence hanging in the air. It's awkward, but more than that it's — exciting. Yoongi doesn't quite know why. "Spending time with you is nice."

"That's good," Taehyung says.

Yoongi hums. "You know," he continues. He rolls Taehyung's idea of a date over in his mind, taking a long glance around the room. "You seem really normal for someone who likes stepping on dicks in their free time."

Taehyung sputters. He laughs for a few seconds before managing to collect himself enough to ask, "What is someone who likes stepping on dicks supposed to seem like?"

Yoongi shrugs, the hint of a smile tugging at the edges of his lips. "I dunno," he says. "Weirder?" He shoots a glance over at the stack of DVDs sitting beside the television, carefully reading each of the titles.

"Feel like you'd expect there to be less children's movies?"

"Shut up, hyung." Taehyung says it fondly, a big grin on his face, and then he asks, "Will you come over here?"

Yoongi raises his eyebrows. "Come over where?"

Taehyung smiles, patting his thigh. "Here." His grin could be accurately described as *shit-eating*.

Yoongi sucks in a sharp breath. "Um," he says, and then — "okay."

He rises to his feet slowly, silently stepping around the edge of the coffee table to stand in front of Taehyung. He smiles, his teeth flashing from in between his lips, and Yoongi feels — vulnerable.

"Come here," Taehyung says, holding his arms out.

"Okay." Yoongi props one knee up against the edge of the chair and leans down, his whole face burning with heat. He straddles Taehyung's waist, his knees pinching into either side of his hips, and Yoongi —

Taehyung's arms slither around his waist. Yoongi reflexively reaches for Taehyung's shoulders to steady himself, and then the two of them are staring at each other, Yoongi's ass in Taehyung's lap, and —

Taehyung leans forward to kiss him.

Somewhere in the back of Yoongi's mind, he realizes that this is the first time they've kissed. It's — nice. Taehyung kisses soft and smooth, his lips plush and wet. But not too wet, not to the point where it's gross, just — moisturized. Like he exfoliates with those fancy lip scrubs that taste like sugar and rubs balm over them every night before he goes to sleep. And Taehyung pulls him forward until their chests are pressed together, wraps his arms tight around Yoongi's waist and kisses him slow, kisses him like he means it, like Yoongi means something to him.

It's maybe a little ridiculous, but — Yoongi's heart flutters in his chest.

He does his best to kiss Taehyung back just as tenderly.

—

"So," Taehyung says, his chin hooked in the crook of Yoongi's shoulder. "What do you think?"

Yoongi stares down at the large array of toys laid out very carefully across Taehyung's bed. He breathes in, the movement of his belly pushing Taehyung's hands forward from where they rest on Yoongi's body. Taehyung had explained, in detail, exactly what each of these things was for, how it worked, how much it hurt, if that was applicable. A big lump rises up in Yoongi's throat.

"I mean, about — using. Any of these," Taehyung says. His voice trembles as he speaks. "We don't have to use any of them, I mean, if you — don't want, I just thought it would be a good thing to talk about, because, um, you — being safe is being informed, and — it's also other things, but. Being informed is important, and — "

"Yeah," Yoongi says, cutting Taehyung off. Belatedly, he realizes that Taehyung might not have stopped speaking otherwise, and something about that makes Yoongi giggle. "No, I get it."

"Okay," Taehyung says. "So what do you think?"

Yoongi stares down at the bedspread. Music plays softly in the background — nothing Yoongi recognizes, but the steady, low beat seems to sync up with Yoongi's heartbeat. It's soothing.

He supposes Taehyung probably has good taste in music.

"I think..." Yoongi says. His gaze slides across each and every little toy — he doesn't quite understand why someone would want to possess *six* different types of cock cages and *twelve* different types of cock rings, especially considering he didn't know that either of those two types of objects existed before today, but he doesn't spend an excessive amount of time thinking about it — before finally settling on a little metal cock ring on the edge of the pile. "This one?"

Taehyung blinks. He reaches forward, around Yoongi's body, and — he's so big in comparison to Yoongi. His shoulders are wide and his arms are thick and his voice is so *low* as he reaches over Yoongi's shoulder and picks up the little cock ring.

Yoongi's cheeks flush with blood.

"This one?" Taehyung asks. He runs his fingers over it — he'd explained that this one is adjustable, has little rungs that he can click closed like a pair of handcuffs. The metal ones are a little more rigid than the stretchy, rubber kind, just a little more restricting, but they don't hurt. They shouldn't hurt, even if it looks just a little bit scary, and some part of Yoongi — feels like he'd be a baby if he picked the

most *basic* toy out of Taehyung's pile.

Which is — maybe a little dumb. Because he knows he doesn't have to pick one at all, has the feeling buzzing under his skin that if he asked Taehyung to fuck him sweet and slow in the missionary position to the beat of the fucking music, he'd probably do it, but —

Yoongi — he doesn't know.

"You don't have to push yourself," Taehyung says. Maybe he can feel the way that Yoongi's shoulders shake or maybe he can just *feel* the unease coiling in Yoongi's gut. "Just. Whatever you're comfortable with."

He holds the shiny little ring up in front of Yoongi.

"There's no shame," he says, "if you don't want something."

Yoongi takes in a deep breath. Taehyung's body is warm, his grip comforting. The cool metal surface flashes in the dim lighting.

"No," Yoongi says. His voice comes out before he can properly figure out where he wants the sentence to end. His whole brain is occupied with the image of Yoongi's own tiny cock pinched in between the metal ring, imagining how Taehyung might slide his fingers across Yoongi's oversensitive cock, how Taehyung might coo and kiss him and squeeze Yoongi's cock in his palm, cackling at how *small* he is —

"I-I mean." Yoongi breathes again, his whole chest shaking. "I want it, I'm not. It's okay, I wanna try it."

Taehyung hums. He turns his face into Yoongi's neck, kissing along his pulse point. Yoongi doesn't usually have a lot of faith in strangers, but he feels like — Taehyung won't let anything bad happen to him.

"Okay," Taehyung says. Yoongi keeps his eyes fixed on Taehyung's wall, but he feels it against his skin when Taehyung grins. "If you, um — this one is adjustable, but depending on how your body works you could swell up just enough that you can't get it off until you come —"

"That's fine," Yoongi says. The more Taehyung talks about it, the more of Yoongi's body flushes hot with embarrassment and excitement and maybe just a little, tiny bit of nervous fear. "It's — it's okay."

"Probably won't happen," Taehyung says. "Just thought I should, um." He pauses for a moment, distracted. He cuddles closer to Yoongi,

squishing him even more tightly. "Warn you."

"Yeah," Yoongi says. "Um — "

"Hold on," Taehyung says. He slides around Yoongi and carefully carefully sweeps up the rest of the toys and deposits them back in the drawer they came from right next to a black velvet bag that Taehyung had said were full of *sounds*, which — Yoongi doesn't know what that means. But considering that Taehyung had chuckled darkly and told Yoongi that that was *an adventure for another day*, Yoongi figures it might be a little bit more than what he's prepared to deal with. "Sit on the bed."

Yoongi does as he's told.

He perches on the edge of the bed, his heartbeat thundering against the inside of his chest, his fingers curling roughly in the fabric of the bedspread.

Taehyung smiles when he slides the drawer closed, turns around, and slides to his knees in front of Yoongi.

A sharp breath slides past Yoongi's lips. "Oh," he says.

Taehyung smiles up to him. "And you tell me if anything's uncomfortable, or you wanna stop, or — anything. Okay?"

He places his hands on Yoongi's knees, gently but firmly pushing his legs apart. Yoongi's heart leaps up into his throat, a hot blush working its way over his cheeks. "Okay," Yoongi says. "Sounds good."

Taehyung's grin cuts across his whole face. "Good," he says, right before his gaze drops to Yoongi's crotch. His tongue flicks out over his lips, wet and pink.

Yoongi very violently shoves down the urge to call himself ridiculous, to call this whole situation ridiculous. Because Taehyung looks so fucking *eager*, so *happy*, and it seems so fucking stupid to Yoongi because he knows he isn't worth that sort of excitement, isn't worth *anything* even remotely like this —

But he doesn't pay it any mind. Yoongi lets his inadequacies sit heavy in his throat for a moment and swallows around them.

"No hands," Taehyung says. He slides the edge of Yoongi's shirt up as he speaks, his eyelashes fluttering as he glances up at Yoongi.

"Okay," Yoongi agrees. He holds his hands up with a smirk, wiggling his fingers before shoving them behind himself. "No hands."

Taehyung giggles. He rests his forehead against the inside of Yoongi's thigh, and even though the contact is innocent — Yoongi sucks in a sharp breath, his skin buzzing beneath the fabric of his jeans.

"You're so cute," Taehyung laughs.

Yoongi shifts. "I'm not cute." He frowns, quickly following up with, "I'm older than you."

"Doesn't mean you're not cute." Taehyung smiles, curling his fingers into Yoongi's thighs. He doesn't lift his face from Yoongi's thigh, however, just nuzzling more closely. "You're adorable."

Yoongi feels his own shoulder rise. "I'm not."

Taehyung smiles. When he tilts his head and glances up at Yoongi, his gaze is mischievous. He reaches up and snaps the button to Yoongi's pants open, tugging the zipper down, and slides his warm palm over Yoongi's cock. His grin is sharp.

He squeezes. Yoongi sucks in a sharp breath, his shoulders hunching forward.

"You're so *cute*," Taehyung says. "So small."

Yoongi swallows. His brain hiccups and his whole body flushes with heat. "I'm not —"

"Your cock is."

A whimper worms its way out of Yoongi's throat.

Taehyung grins. "That's right," he says, squeezing Yoongi's cock again. His fingers are soft and steady through the material of his underwear. Taehyung's voice is light and airy as he speaks. "Good boy."

Yoongi flushes. Taehyung hums as he — assumably feels Yoongi's cock twitch up against his palm. "*Good boy*."

There really is some quality to the way life progresses that Yoongi doesn't quite understand. There's something downright mysterious about how Yoongi found himself in this situation — how he finds himself obediently lifting his hips when Taehyung moves to tug his jeans off, how he carefully leans back when Taehyung runs his palms

up Yoongi's thighs, how his cock gushes a thick pearl of precome when Taehyung carefully pulls him out of his underwear.

"Aw," Taehyung says. He clicks his tongue. "What a sweet little dick."

Yoongi blushes, moving his hands up to cover his face. He doesn't know how he ended up here, how he ended up with Taehyung, how he ended up so fucking *turned on* when Taehyung is talking to him like a *baby*, he's a grown man, Yoongi has a job and he's getting a degree and he pays his own bills for the most part, he doesn't *understand* why every fucking fiber of him writhes and lights up in response —

"I bet I could fit the whole thing in my mouth," Taehyung says. He pushes Yoongi's shirt up and kisses his stomach. His lips are warm and his mouth is wet and Yoongi can't help but squeeze his knees around Taehyung's shoulders, try to do *something* to control this situation.

"I said no hands."

Taehyung's fingers carefully pry Yoongi's hands away from his face, stop him from digging the heels of his palms into his eyes. When he blinks, Taehyung's face is wash in blurry-neon colors, like Yoongi had stared at the sun for too long, and his smile is — it makes some part of Yoongi hurt.

"And no knees," Taehyung says, laughing. He pushes Yoongi's legs further apart, spreading him open. "Do you need me to tie you up?"

Yoongi's back stiffens. "No, I — " he starts. Taehyung mentions it in passing and some part of Yoongi wants, fucking *desires* with an intensity that only manages to break through the grayed-out barrier or how fucking shitty Yoongi thinks life is once in a blue moon. His heart beats and his skin tingles and Yoongi feels fucking *alive*, but he — "I don't want — not — not — "

He can't speak.

Taehyung grins, leaning forward. He stretches his arms out and pushes Yoongi further back onto the bed. "Not yet?"

Yoongi nods.

"Okay," Taehyung says. His voice is gentle. "That's alright. Just sit on your hands for me, okay, baby?"

Yoongi bites his bottom lip and nods, desperately. He shifts his body,

shoves his hands under his butt and *god* he feels like a child, feels so fucking small as Taehyung pushes his knees apart and kisses up his thighs, breathes hot over Yoongi's cock.

"God," Taehyung says, laughing. "You get excited so fast."

A noise worms up out of Yoongi's throat — he doesn't know whether it's one of protest or embarrassment or something else entirely, but his eyes are open. He watches Taehyung giggle when his cock bobs, a thin, clear stream of precome drooling down the shaft.

"Already came once today," Taehyung says. His eyes are wide, his hands pressing down on both of Yoongi's thighs to keep him spread wide. His grip isn't especially strong, isn't *cruel* but Yoongi stays anyways, does as he's told and feels his whole body sigh in relief. "And you're already this quick to get hard."

He laughs. Like he genuinely thinks it's funny.

Taehyung hums, reaching forward to slide his fingers along Yoongi's balls and nuzzle his nose into the soft skin of Yoongi's tummy just shy of his cock. "So *cute*," he says. "I'm lucky."

"You're a fucking dumbass is what you are."

Taehyung jolts, his shoulders tensing. Yoongi quickly replays over what he just said and — oh, *fuck*, he'd meant that to be a joke but he'd been fucking mean, hadn't he, been a fucking *asshole* and Taehyung glances up at him from his knees, eyelashes fluttering with hurt —

And then he looks directly at Yoongi's face and laughs. Again.

Yoongi doesn't know whether he should be offended or not.

"You're such a brat," Taehyung says. He stands up, pushing at Yoongi's shoulder until he falls back against the mattress. "Shut up and be a good boy."

A hook sinks into Yoongi's intestines and yanks so hard his head spins.

And Yoongi is about to say something — he's not entirely sure what, but there are definitely words bubbling in his throat and not just useless, pathetic little noises, Yoongi is *sure* of it, but he cuts himself off which a sharp inhale when Taehyung's tongue slides across his cock.

Yoongi gasps. His fingers curl in the sheets, sweaty in the small of his back.

“So small,” Taehyung says. His pointer finger presses down on the slit of Yoongi’s cock, holding him still while Taehyung licks him again, soft and teasing. “So *cute*.” He peels Yoongi’s foreskin back carefully, his fingers gentle against Yoongi’s sensitive cock. “God, you’re smaller than I thought.”

The giggle that Taehyung lets out cuts through Yoongi like a knife. He squirms with embarrassment, his lips popping open as he tries to find something to say, tries to figure out how he’s supposed to speak —

“How many inches are you, baby?” Taehyung asks. He sounds so fucking enamoured, so fucking happy, his voice dark and full like he’s trying to hold himself back from laughing. “Three, on a good day?”

Yoongi’s shoulders rise. “I’m not — “

“What?” Taehyung asks. Yoongi cranes his head up to make eye contact, to watch as Taehyung stares up at him with a little spark in his eye, his lips curled into a smile. “Are you trying to say that you’re bigger?” His tongue flicks out over his lips and Yoongi, Yoongi can feel something rising up in his chest that he can’t put a name to, something massive and hot and *overwhelming* — “You need me to get out my ruler, hyung?”

Taehyung pinches the tip of Yoongi’s cock in between his fingers, rolling the foreskin over the sensitive skin of the head. It’s wet. Yoongi’s so wet.

“Were you really trying to date girls with a cock this small, hyung?” Taehyung asks, his voice low-pitched and mocking. He presses a kiss to the head, his tongue slithering beneath the foreskin for a brief moment before he pulls back again to speak. “You think any of them would want to fuck you once they saw this?”

Yoongi keens. His whole body is hot, from his chest down to his toes, which scrabble against the edge of the bed, he’s so fucking *hard* —

“Hyung, is this — ?”

“It’s okay! It’s okay, it’s okay, it’s okay!” Yoongi gasps. His cock gushes a thin drop of precome and it feels like he’s fucking *dying*. “I’m — I’m — “

Taehyung nuzzles his nose into the crook of Yoongi's thigh, cooing softly in the back of his throat. "It's okay, baby, you're okay."

Yoongi makes a noise that sounds a lot like a sob, and then Taehyung — Taehyung pushes himself up and slides Yoongi's entire cock into his mouth in one smooth motion.

"*Fuck!*" Yoongi shouts. His hands slide out from underneath him, knotting in Taehyung's hair because he can feel Taehyung's tongue against the base of his cock, sliding along the underside and swirling around the head as he pulls up and *how long has it been* since Yoongi's felt that, his stomach muscles fluttering and his thighs tensing as his whole body surges like he's about to come —

"Shh," Taehyung whispers as he pulls away. He lays hot, wet kisses all down the shaft of Yoongi's cock and Yoongi can't stop himself from sitting up, clenching his knees around Taehyung's shoulders when he feels something slick and metal slide around the base of his cock. "Good boy, it's alright, it's alright."

It isn't until a few moments later that Yoongi realizes his eyes are shining with tears.

"You okay?" Taehyung asks. He traces his thumb around the base of the ring, the pad of his finger catching against the spattering of dark, wiry hair before he moves to lift Yoongi's hands from his hair. "Hyung?"

Something deep inside of Yoongi *throbs*, and — life is a mess. Life is an absolute disaster and Yoongi has known what he's wanted to do with his life since he was seven years old, knows he would give anything to be able to work with music, but some days he still wakes up in a fog that drifts across his senses and his mind and he can't make himself care about *anything*, can't make himself feel *anything* and it's so hard, it's so fucking hard but every single molecule of this experience feels like *so fucking much* and Yoongi doesn't know what to do —

"I'm okay," Yoongi says. He wipes at his eyes, his chest trembling because this is embarrassing, this is pathetic and Yoongi is a pathetic fucking loser and he's *crying* during sex, he — "I'm okay, I'm sorry, I'm okay."

Taehyung pushes him back onto the mattress, crawling over him, gently prying Yoongi's hands away from his face even as Yoongi fights him, tries to pull his knees up to his chest and *hide*. "Hey, hyung, hey,

it's okay — “

“I’m so sorry,” Yoongi croaks. He’s still so hard, his cock throbbing in the little metal ring as Taehyung’s weight settles over him, his chest pressed flush to Yoongi’s.

“It’s okay,” Taehyung says. “You’re beautiful.”

A wordless noise rises out of Yoongi’s mouth. “No,” he says.

“You are.” Taehyung kisses his jaw and down his neck, holding Yoongi’s wrists in his wide, dark palms. His voice is low and soothing, his lips catching against Yoongi’s skin as he speaks. “You’re so pretty, hyung, it’s okay. You can cry if you want.”

A sob rips its way out of Yoongi’s throat, shaking his whole chest as it leaves him. “I’m so sorry,” he says. “This is pathetic.”

“It’s okay,” Taehyung says. He kisses Yoongi’s neck again, pressing himself close, and Yoongi — even through the snot gumming up in his nose he can make out the smell of Taehyung’s cologne, all dark and earthy and deep. “Whatever you feel is okay, hyung, it’s alright. You’re not pathetic.”

“I’m crying during sex,” Yoongi says. “It’s a little pathetic.”

Taehyung hums. Slowly, he releases Yoongi’s wrists and pushes himself up onto his elbows, maneuvering until he can run his hands through Yoongi’s hair. His hips press down into Yoongi’s, and he’s — Yoongi can tell that he’s hard. A blush crawls across his cheeks. “Some people like that.”

A beat passes in silence.

“Oh my *god*,” Yoongi says. He blinks and a few times, trying to clear his vision, and only succeeds in forcing a few hot tears to spill down his temples. “You’re so fucking weird.”

Taehyung smiles, his mouth bending into a wobbly rectangle. “Was I too mean earlier?” he asks. “I mean, is that why — cause I’m sorry, I really didn’t mean any of those things and I thought it would be okay — ”

“It was fine,” Yoongi says. “It’s just — a lot.”

Taehyung hums. Yoongi doesn’t know how to explain that he barely

feels anything in his life anymore and — it's nice to feel something. It's nice to feel alive. That'll just make him sound like a fucking freak.

He slams his eyes shut. Taehyung leans forward and kisses his forehead.

“Did you start crying more because you started crying in the first place?”

Yoongi lets out a sharp little breath. He tries to reach up to wipe the tears from his cheeks, but Taehyung catches his wrist and presses it back to the mattress, and then he — waits. Yoongi doesn't know how else to describe the tone of the pause. Taehyung holds himself just a few inches from Yoongi's face and waits.

“Yes,” Yoongi says. “Yeah.”

Taehyung leans down and presses his lips to the tear tracks. “Hm,” he mumbles, kissing Yoongi one, two, three times on the cheek before his tongue slips out from between his lips and traces the line Yoongi's tears have made against his cheeks.

“You're so fucking weird,” Yoongi mutters. And it should sound bitter, should sound at least a little derisive, but it's almost impossible to take himself seriously when he clenches his knees around Taehyung's hips, when he can feel himself buck up into Taehyung's body, swollen cock rubbing against the soft material of Taehyung's shirt —

“Baby,” Taehyung coos. One of his hands slips beneath the small of Yoongi's back, helping him rock his hips up into Taehyung's body. His tongue slides across Yoongi's cheek, wet and thick, and Yoongi feels himself shudder with another sob. “So perfect, hyung.”

“God,” Yoongi says. He twists his fingers into the sheets above his head, squeezing his eyes shut. “*Fuck, God, I'm* — “

Taehyung hugs Yoongi's hips close and whispers in Yoongi's ear, “Actually, it's Taehyung.”

A beat passes in total, complete silence.

“Oh my *god*,” Yoongi says, laughing. “Shut up.”

“Rude,” Taehyung mutters. His smile is wide, his shoulders shaking with laughter. He presses a spattering of kisses down Yoongi's cheeks before sitting up, settling himself on Yoongi's thighs. “How does this

feel?"

He drags the tip of his finger down the length of Yoongi's cock and his balls until he reaches the line where the metal of the cock ring digs harshly into his skin. "Okay? Not too tight?"

Yoongi shakes his head. He leaves his hands above his head, knotted in the sheets. He does his best to keep them to himself and sucks in a breath. "Sensitive."

"Yeah," Taehyung says, chuckling. "That happens."

Gently, he wraps Yoongi's whole cock in his hand and slowly, carefully circles his thumb over the head. Yoongi moans. Taehyung giggles. "You're so hard, hyung." His tongue flicks out over his lips, his eyes flashing with something possessive. "So pretty."

Yoongi stares up at the ceiling, biting his lip. There's something very *different* about the sensation as Taehyung runs his thumb up and down the length of Yoongi's cock. It's — tingly, almost, restrictive and tight in a way he can't quite place.

"Hey," Taehyung says, after a moment. He lays his head on Yoongi's thigh, his cheek squishing up into his eye. Yoongi resists the urge to laugh at him, which isn't hard considering how — well. How hard he is. "You like exhibitionism, right?"

Yoongi pauses. "I like what?"

Taehyung grins his big, boxy smile. "The idea of people seeing you," he says. "You know."

Yoongi sucks in a sharp breath. "Maybe," he says.

"I mean," Taehyung says, pushing himself up onto his knees before promptly hopping off the bed and motioning for Yoongi to follow him. "I did meet you when you were jerking off in a public bathroom."

"That doesn't mean anything," Yoongi says, following Taehyung in standing up. He takes a few steps forward when Taehyung beckons him towards the window, pausing for a moment as embarrassment washes over him when he realizes that Taehyung is still fully clothed and Yoongi is — hard. So hard. He feels vulnerable.

Taehyung hums. He slides his hands up underneath Yoongi's shirt and pulls it off him, Yoongi obediently raising his arms, and then he's —

naked. Completely naked. A shiver runs down Yoongi's spine.

"I feel like it probably means something," Taehyung says.

Yoongi jolts. "What?"

Taehyung smiles, reaching forward to run his fingers down Yoongi's shoulders. "That I found you jerking off in the bathroom," he repeats, his eyebrows hiking up his forehead. "Probably means you're at least a little bit into exhibitionism."

"I dunno," Yoongi says. He watches as Taehyung pulls up his blinds and reveals the street below — they're four or five stories up, if Yoongi remembers correctly, which is enough that Yoongi's pretty sure no one can see him clearly but just close enough that he finds himself reflexively stumbling backwards —

"Come here," Taehyung says.

He holds his hand out. Waits patiently, eyebrows raised, for Yoongi to take it.

Yoongi pauses for a moment, thinking. Considering whether he's really up for whatever Taehyung's about to throw him into, whatever's going to happen if he takes Taehyung's hand, which — he can guess. It's not a mystery.

Yoongi swallows and even though his stomach flips and his head spins, he takes Taehyung's hand.

"Good boy," Taehyung says. The way his lips split strikes Yoongi as a bit wolfish.

And then he pulls Yoongi forward, runs his palms down Yoongi's arms and over his shoulders, squeezes him tightly with hands pressed against the small of his back before pushing him roughly up against the window.

Yoongi's chest hits the glass with a hollow thud. He sucks in a sharp breath, silently allowing Taehyung to push him flush up against the pane, his shoulders and his hips, his cock squished up against the glass. Yoongi breathes, his muscles going stiff, Taehyung's whole body warm against his, and —

"You think those people down there can see you, hyung?"

Yoongi's eyes snap open, and he stares down at the sidewalk, the cars passing by. There are no balconies, nothing between him and the street, and Yoongi's breath picks up, his heart pounding against the glass.

"You think they can see your little cock?"

Yoongi swallows. A thick strand of precome dribbles smears onto the window, so wet that Yoongi can feel it. "Taehyung-ah..." Yoongi says, his voice creaking.

Lips press into his skin just above his pulse point. Yoongi shivers from head to toe, wriggling against Taehyung, which only — which only makes Taehyung push him harder into the window. "I bet you want them to see, don't you?"

"I'm — " He cuts himself off when Taehyung pushes him more roughly into the window. It doesn't hurt, but it's — it's a lot, Yoongi's cock squished up against the glass, Taehyung so fucking *big* behind him, and —

"Can I call you a slut?" Taehyung's voice is deep and smooth, his breath drifting past Yoongi's ear. "Is that okay, hyung?"

Yoongi gasps, does his best to nod with his cheek pressed up against the glass, his knees weak and maybe, he doesn't really know, but he has a sneaking suspicion that Taehyung is holding up most of his weight. "Yes, yes, that's — fine."

The end of his word comes out garbled, but Taehyung doesn't especially seem to care. He bites into Yoongi's neck — not enough to hurt, not for real, just enough for Yoongi to know that there are *teeth* there, that Taehyung is bigger than him, that Taehyung is in control and he's younger than Yoongi, he's *younger* and there should be something that feels wrong about this. But it doesn't feel wrong, it doesn't, Yoongi's limbs shaking and his pupils dilating and he's never experienced anything that felt so fucking *easy* in his entire life.

"You fucking slut," Taehyung hisses. And the words are mean, but they don't *sound* mean, don't feel mean, just make Yoongi's cock twitch and his chest tremble with barely held back sobs. "You want them to see you all desperate and small, want — want them to see what a good boy you are for me, huh, hyung?"

A miserable little noise squeezes its way from Yoongi's lips. "Taehyung-ah," he says. He feels like he can barely talk, can barely

drag air into his lungs, his voice coming out pinched and whiny.
“Taehyung-ah.”

He’s met with a hum.

Yoongi pushes himself back from the window, sweat pouring down his chest. “I wanna come,” he says. Taehyung’s arms slither around his waist, holding him tight, and Yoongi can’t — he doesn’t — “Please, I wanna — “

“Okay,” Taehyung says. Normally, Yoongi would be offended by the way that Taehyung giggles at him, like Yoongi is ridiculous. But in all honesty he’s too far gone to care. “Okay, hyung, it’s okay, I got you.”

Taehyung sits back on the mattress and Yoongi falls on top of him, scratching at Taehyung’s thighs, the edge of the mattress. He perches on Taehyung’s lap, his head thrown back onto Taehyung’s shoulder, and when he glances down at his cock it’s so *red*, so fucking *thick* —

“You finally got a little bit bigger, baby,” Taehyung coos, his fingers sliding up the shaft. Yoongi hisses when Taehyung touches him, sensitive and tingly and — and — “Come on,” Taehyung says. He wraps his whole fist around Yoongi’s cock, jerking roughly at the head, smearing precome along the shaft. “Come for me, hyungie.”

It doesn’t take Yoongi more than a minute. He mostly comes across the wide surface of Taehyung’s palm, but splatters across his own thighs as well. Taehyung coos in his ear, hugging him close while Yoongi’s chest shakes, orgasm ripping through his muscles, tearing from his body. It’s *violent* but it feels so *fucking good* and in that moment Yoongi has absolutely no doubt that this is what he was made for.

Not being with Taehyung specifically, just — this.

Yoongi constantly feels like his brain is broken. That his wiring is wrong, fucked beyond all repair, *broken*, but this — he feels sort of like he was made for this. Perfectly designed for this experience, and he’s not even halfway through his orgasm before he decides, very concretely, that he *is* doing this again.

"Shh," Taehyung says. He runs his fingers through Yoongi's hair, carefully slipping the ring off of Yoongi's cock and balls. "There you go, baby, you did so good."

Yoongi breathes. He stares at the ceiling, his bangs plastered to his

forehead with sweat. "Holy shit," he says.

He doesn't need to see Taehyung's face to know that he's grinning. "It's fun, right?"

Yoongi presses his lips together, mouth suddenly dry. "Yeah," he says. "That's — fun."

—

"There are a couple of things you should probably know about me," Yoongi says.

He's wearing another set of Taehyung's shorts and an overlarge shirt, perched carefully on a chair he'd dragged in from the kitchen as he stares out at the city.

Taehyung hums. He's sitting on the bed, kicking his feet against the edge of the mattress. "Like what?"

Yoongi presses the cigarette up to his lips and takes a long, deep drag. "Sometimes I have so much trouble feeling anything I can't figure out a reason to get out of bed for two weeks," he says. "And I'm kind of a loser. And I don't really keep the friends that I make. And —"

"I feel like we already talked about most of this," Taehyung says. He props his head up on his palm and stares, silently, over at Yoongi.

With shoulders tensed, Yoongi exhales in the direction of the open window. He watches his smoke cloud disappear into the smoggy Seoul sky. "We didn't talk about me being a depressed fuck," he says.

Taehyung shifts. "It's okay," he says. "I mean — sorry. That didn't mean anything. I mean that I'm used to it."

"Huh?" Yoongi sucks in another hot breath of smoke.

Taehyung shrugs. "Jimin too," he says. "I mean I don't — I don't *get* the whole being emotionally numb thing, but, like..." He shrugs. "You know. And I don't think you're a loser or anything, so."

Yoongi breathes out the window again. This time, he spends a moment longer picking out the people walking on the street below, the cars zipping by. Life is a disaster, Yoongi thinks, but something about this is — easy. It's easy despite everything that's strange about it, and maybe Yoongi shouldn't put what may very well be a gift from

the universe under such intense scrutiny.

He breathes in, clearing his lungs.

He's really tired of being lonely.

He's really, really tired of hating himself.

He turns back to Taehyung with a sigh, his head rolling lazily on his shoulders. "Jimin doesn't really seem like the type," Yoongi says. His muscles are still lax from his orgasm, his head clear.

Taehyung laughs. "What's the type supposed to be?"

Yoongi hums. "I dunno," he says. He flicks off a bit of ash into the glass bowl he's using as a makeshift ashtray. There really is nothing more satisfying than nicotine immediately after sex. "Less cute."

Taehyung giggles, his nose wrinkling. "You're cute."

"I'm not," Yoongi says, bringing the cigarette up to his lips again. "We've covered this. I'm a loser."

"Nah," Taehyung says. A small spike of irritation cuts through Yoongi's mood — he knows himself way better than Taehyung does, who the fuck is he to say that Yoongi *isn't* a loser — before he takes a step back and realizes how ridiculous that is.

He takes another drag, reaching his hand out. Taehyung takes it without a moment of hesitation.

"I smoke, also," Yoongi says. He puts the butt of the cigarette out in his makeshift ashtray, sighing.

"Jimin, too," Taehyung says, laughing. "And we've been friends for, like — nearly a decade?"

"It's gross," Yoongi says.

"Nah."

"You sure?" Yoongi hates feeling vulnerable, but he takes in a deep breath and lets it all flow out of him, like smoke into the air.

"Yeah," Taehyung says. "I don't mind."

"Cool."

A long moment passes in silence.

"Hey," Taehyung says. "I have some ice cream in the freezer, do you wanna — ?"

Yoongi cuts him off with a look, quickly ushering the smoke rising from the ashtray out of the window before promptly slamming it shut. "Yes," he says, "but."

He steps over to Taehyung, standing for a few nervous seconds before dropping to his knees. "There's one more thing you need to know about me."

Taehyung raises his eyebrows, his lips quirking with amusement. "Okay?"

Yoongi swallows, sliding his fingers into the waistband of Taehyung's jeans. "I really like sucking dick," he says, snapping open the button and dragging down the zipper. If his hands shake, he ignores it. "So you're going to have to put up with that. And also I expect you to tell me what the fuck *sounds* are for while we eat ice cream."

A moment passes in silence before Taehyung laughs, one set of fingers combing through Yoongi's hair.

"Alright, hyung," he says. He's giggling so hard his words are barely recognizable. "You've got yourself a deal."

"Good," Yoongi says, nodding. He licks his lips, slipping his fingers beneath the waistband of Taehyung's underwear to palm at his cock.

He's big.

Yoongi grins, the smile splitting his whole face in two.

"Fucking perfect."

End Notes

please don't whip ur dicks out in public bathrooms kids, that's illegal *thumbs-up emoji*

comments and kudos are always appreciated!!

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